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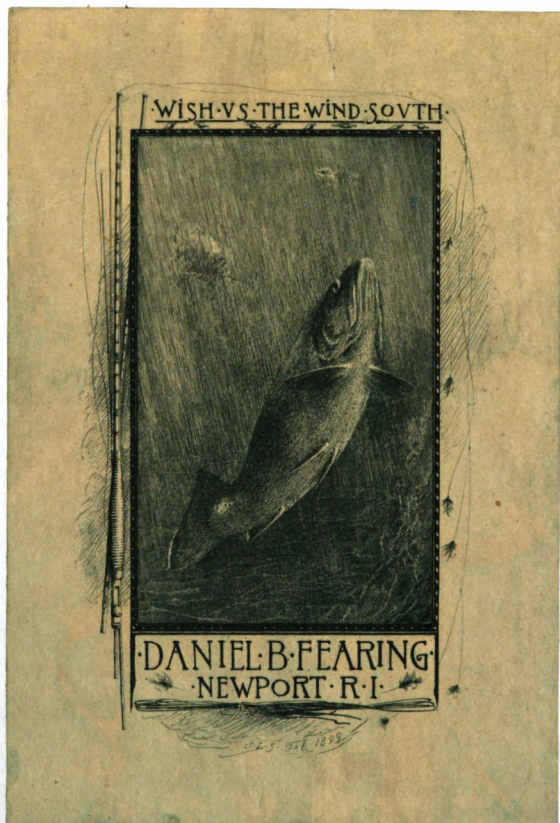
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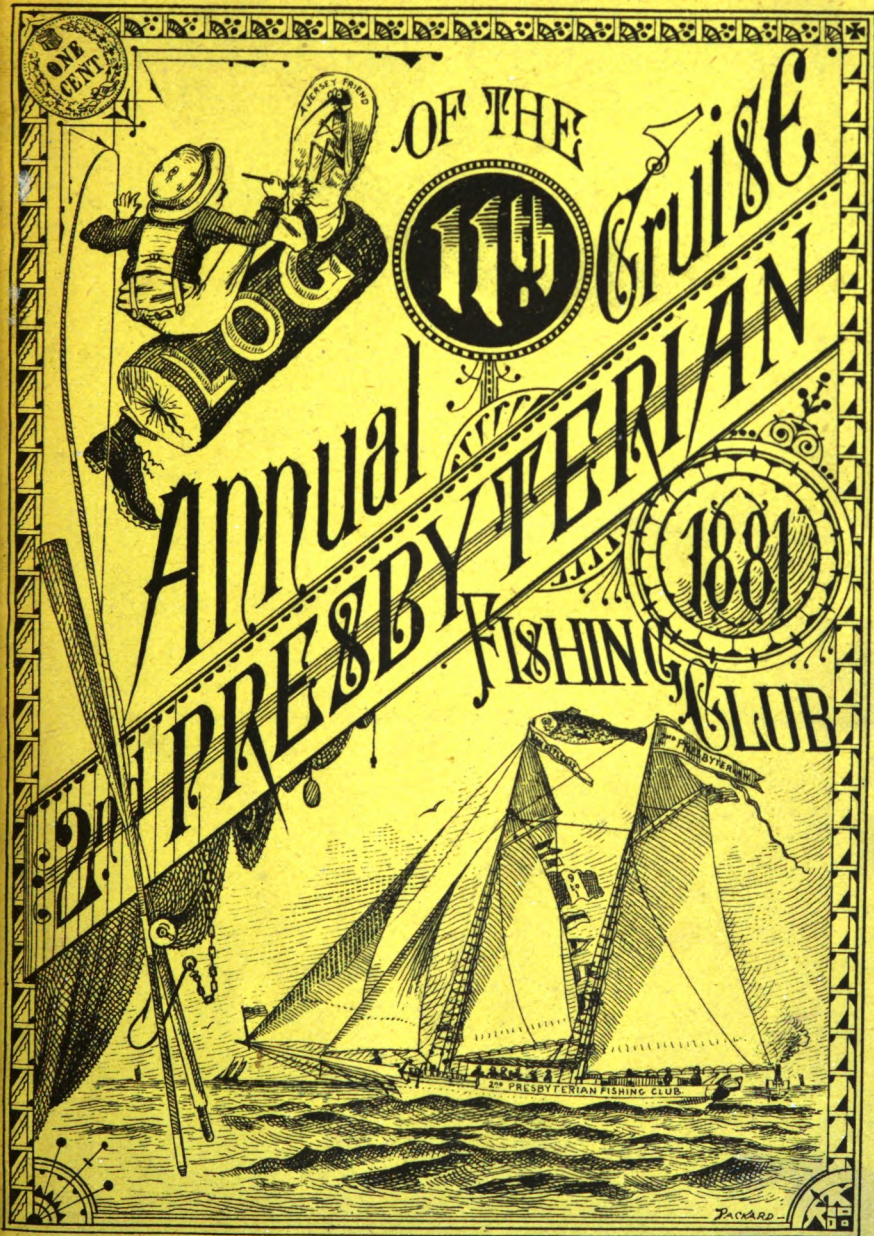
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Second Presbyterian Fishing Club.

CRUISE OF 1881. · SCHOONER SAM. APPLGATE.

1881.

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PHILADELPHIA:
ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT, PRINTERS,
Nos. 229-231 South Fifth Street.
1881.

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN



ORGANIZED JULY 2d, 1871.

OFFICERS:

J. L. SMITH, President.

JOHN LAMMON, Vice President.

CLIFFORD P. ALLEN, Sec'y and Treas.

Dr. A. K. MINICH, Surgeon.

WM. H. DAVIS, Chaplain.

BAUGH, PRINT. 719 GIRARD AVE.

LOG

OF THE

ELEVENTH ANNUAL CRUISE

OF THE

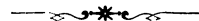
Second Presbyterian Fishing Club

OF PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 2D TO 13TH, 1881, INCLUSIVE,

ON THE

SCHOONER "SAMUEL APPLIGIT."



PHILADELPHIA:
ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT, PRINTERS,
Nos. 229-231 South Fifth Street.
1881.

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REPORT

OF THE

THE MODOCs OF 1881.

Stingray SMITH.....Ojibbeway..Tauk-aui-u-kan.....or the man who does all the work.

Lamprey LAMMON.....Plute.....Chu-aui-the-bug.....or the man who keeps the bank.

Alligator ALLEN.....Mandan....Eite-aui-da.....or the man who puts up all the jobs.

Kingcrab KNIGHT.....Chippewa..Haul-in-the-slak..... or the man who has the first line out.

Minnow MOUSLEY.....Onondago..Thro-up-ure-butes....or the man who does all the heaving.

Crawfish CHRIST.....Digger.....Chow-chow-chew-tin..or the man who does all the sleeping.

Weakfish WEHN.....Oneida.....Wauk-thru-the-nite...or the man who does all the watching.

Blackfish BARBER.....Cherokee...Giv-us-wun-bere.....or the man who does all the snoring.

Mullet MOUSLEY No. 2..Choctaw...Stan-a-gude-han.....or the man who makes the banker take
water.

Dramfish DAVIS.....Seminole...Chuck-me-a-bate.....or the man who feeds the mosquitoes.

Roach BAUCH.....Comanche..Luse-aui-ure-chipe....or the man with all the "gall."

Forgy PARMALEE.....Blackfeet...Bio-out-ure-brane. ...or the man afraid of crabs.

Macrarel MINICH.....Crow.....Stuf-oyl-in-um.....or the big medicine man.

Perch PACKARD.....Flathead...Sling-a-gude-kra-en...or the man who draws everything but a
salary.

Carp CLAWELL.....Arrapahoe..Ham-or-ure-shu.....or the man who never goes to see a man.

Rockfish BAUCH No. 2..Sioux.....Giv-me-tu-ores.....or the man who scoops in the shells.

Manitoe MOORE.....Osage.....Fits-u-like-a-giuv.....or the man who wants to be on deck.

Bel ETTER.....Delaware...Pic-on-a-string.....or the man who wants to find out how
near alike are the 2 P's.

BY-LAWS
OF THE
SECOND PRESBYTERIAN FISHING CLUB.

ARTICLE I. Put up or shut up.

ARTICLE II. No person shall be entitled to become a member of this Club whose moral character will bear the slightest scrutiny.

ARTICLE III. No member shall participate in any annual cruise of the Club whose constitution requires more than eighteen hours rest out of the twenty-four.

ARTICLE IV. No member shall be allowed to eat any one meal more than three times, no matter how sea-sick he may be.

ARTICLE V. Any member found washing his feet in the dish-pans shall be reprimanded by the President; and in case of a second offense shall be expelled forthwith.

ARTICLE VI. Any brother who shall take more than one dose of fish-hooks during a cruise shall be compelled to throw up (his rights as a member).

ARTICLE VII. It shall be the duty of every member to observe to the fullest extent the Golden Rule (of the Club), viz., to do nothing himself that he can get anybody to do for him.

ARTICLE VIII. Any member detected in using charms, incantations, or spells, such as spitting on his hooks, using asafetida on his bait, taking a smile, or making use of any other superstition to draw fish to his line, shall be given the grand bounce.

BAIT LIST.

Saturday, July 2d.

Supper—Cold Ham, Savory Beef, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Coffee

Sunday, July 3d.

Breakfast—Smothered Beef, Fried Potatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Roast Beef, Sliced Tomatoes, Bread and Butter and Coffee. Dessert, Ice Cream and Fruit.

Supper—Cold Corned Beef, Salmon, Stewed Fruits, Hot Biscuits, Coffee and Tea.

Monday, July 4th.

Breakfast—Fried Fish, Baked Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Chocolate.

Dinner—Snapper Stew, French Peas, Roast Potatoes, Cold-Slaw, Bread and Butter, Coffee. Dessert, Pies.

Supper—Cold Ham, Baked Potatoes, Bologna Sausage, Bread and Butter, Pickled Salmon, Tea and Coffee.

Tuesday, July 5th.

Breakfast—Fried Fish, Fried Potatoes, Boiled Eggs, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Chicken Pot-Pie, Mashed Potatoes, Onion Sauce, Short-Cake and Coffee. Dessert, Water Ice.

Supper—Cold Tongue, Dried Beef, Fried Fish, Bread and Butter, Cheese, Tea and Coffee.

Wednesday, July 6th.

Breakfast—Fried Fish, Fried Potatoes and Onions, Sliced Tomatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Chocolate.

Dinner—Boiled Fish, Baked Potatoes, Biscuits and Coffee. Dessert, Ice Cream.

Supper—Cold Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage, Baked Hash, Bread and Butter, Pickled Salmon, Tea and Coffee.

Thursday, July 7th.

Breakfast—Ham and Eggs, Fried Potatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Stewed Chicken, Mashed Potatoes, Canned Corn and Peas, Short Cake and Coffee. Dessert, Frozen Peaches.

Supper—Cold Ham, Fried Fish, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Tea.

Friday, July 8th.

Breakfast—Fried Fish, Baked Potatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Chocolate.

Dinner—Baked Beans, Mashed Potatoes, Stewed Tomatoes, Biscuits and Coffee. Dessert, Ice Cream.

Supper—Fishtown Stew, Pickled Salmon, Cheese, Coffee and Tea.

Saturday, July 9th.

Breakfast—Fried Ham, Poached Eggs, Sliced Tomatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Fried Chicken with Milk Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Corn, Short-Cake, Coffee. Dessert, Bread Pudding.

Supper—Cold Tongue, Bologna Sausage, Cheese, Baked Potatoes, Pickled Salmon, Biscuits, Tea and Coffee.

Sunday, July 10th.

Breakfast—Fried Fish, Baked Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Chocolate.

Dinner—Boiled Weak Fish, Mashed Potatoes, Cold-Slaw, Short-Cake, Coffee. Dessert, Frozen Peaches.

Supper—Fried Fish, Corned Beef, Baked Tomatoes, Bread and Butter, Cheese, Tea.

Monday, July 11th.

Breakfast—Fried Fish, Egg Omelette, Stewed Potatoes and Onions, Bread and Butter, Coffee,

Dinner—Chicken Pot-Pie, Mashed Potatoes, Corn, Cold-Slaw, Biscuits and Coffee. Dessert, Water Ice.

Supper—Sliced Ham and Dried Beef, Baked Hash, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Pickled Salmon, Tea.

Tuesday, July 12th.

Breakfast—Fried Ham, Scrambled Eggs, Baked Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes, Biscuits, Coffee and Chocolate.

Dinner—Boiled Fish, Canned Corn, Onion Stew, Short-Cake and Coffee. Dessert, Frozen Peaches.

Supper—Cold Tongue, Pickled Salmon, Baked Potatoes, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Tea.

Wednesday, July 13th.

Breakfast—Frizzled Dried Beef, Irish Stew, Fried Onions, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—HISHY-HASH or HADES-FIRE STEW (Revised Edition), Ice Cream, Water Ice, Schenck's Pills, Jalap, and

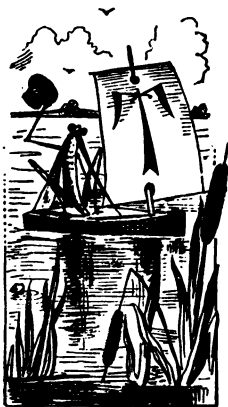
" THINK OF YOUR HEAD IN THE MORNING."

General Entrees—Mixed Pickles, Chow-Chow, Pickled Onions, Preserves, Fireworks, Stewed Fruits, Catsup, Bottled Beer, Cigars, Toothpicks, Oranges, Bananas, WATER, Torpedoes, &c.

Mousley's Italian Orchestra, Parmalee's Silver Cornet Band, and the FISHTOWN FLUTE CORPS will accompany the Club until thrown overboard.

Copy of the Log.

SATURDAY, JULY 2d, 1881.



THE schooner "Samuel Applegit," Captain Franklin Campbell, having arrived at the wharf of Messrs. Clement and Dunbar, to whose courtesy and kindness we are each year more deeply indebted, during yesterday afternoon, a committee of the Club was promptly on hand at an early hour this morning to superintend the stowage of ice and the other stores, for the eleventh annual cruise, which came upon the pier in quick succession throughout the morning. Towards noon, the labor was completed, thanks to the exertions of Barber, Parmalee, Lammon, Davis, Knight, and our purser, Dick, who had spent the entire morning for the benefit of their fel-

low-members. About 12 M. the members who intended participating in the trip began to arrive, together with many of their friends, both ladies and gentlemen. These were assisted to the deck of the schooner, whose awning had been spread to give them the benefit of its shade.

The schooner was gaily decorated with bunting of every description, for some of which we here take occasion to thank our friends of the Agile Club and Messrs. Hugh Maguigan and William Hazlet.

Before the members had all assembled, there came the terrible rumors of the tragedy at Washington, which had spread like a flash over the entire land on that bright July morning, and which seemed at this moment destined to cast a gloom upon the bright prospects of the trip towards which we had been looking for so many months. Each fresh arrival only served to confirm the appalling news and deepen the effect upon the minds of those present. Happily at near our starting time came the news that our President still lived, and giving some small encouragement for the better. Small as the hopes were, they were seized upon, as drowning men catch at straws, and fondly dwelt upon to encourage ourselves and one another. Another circumstance happened at this time which served to direct our thoughts in another channel, and gave to our departure some of its usual life and noise. A large number of friends had assembled on deck supplemented by a



DUTCHMAN.

to his drum, dividing his time between beating the instrument and threatening the leader of the band with all sorts of condign punishment unless he furnished a full supply of music for the money he received. The weather being extremely warm, iced lemonade had been provided in ample quantity for the refreshment of our guests, as well as the annual programmes and bills of fare for which the members were kept busy in supplying the demands of the crowd. Everybody seemed to have regained their good spirits, for the time being at least, except our solid brother Wehn, who was again to be disappointed in regard to starting away with us, a fact not more regretted by himself than by his fellow-members.

Presently Lammon made his appearance in full uniform as Vice-Commodore, with his cocked hat, and was loudly cheered as he descended the side of the pier and gained the deck of the schooner. About this time also, appeared a friend of Barber's, Mr. N. S. Wade, with a box of cigars, as his contribution to the enjoyment of the Club, which were thankfully received, with promise of due consideration down the bay. At 1 P. M. Commodore Smith, the last man, made his appearance, and

larger crowd upon the wharf when a strange apparition hove in sight, bearing directly down upon us and beating a bass-drum with terrific force. Way was made for it through the crowd, and he came tumbling down the gangway to the deck of the vessel, head over drum. Upon closer acquaintance, it proved to be our invaluable member, Rauch, who was got up in an extraordinarily good imitation of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, both as to dress and language. The uproar caused by his arrival and subsequent actions had not yet subsided, when a German band made its appearance on the wharf, and continued there until the departure of the schooner, making music, or an apology therefor, for the benefit of all present. Rauch hung

the steam-tug being in waiting, according to orders, preparations were made for departure. Just at this moment came a large package addressed to the Club. Upon being opened, it was found to contain an immense pound-cake, handsomely ornamented with a large fish, from the lady members of the Club, who, not satisfied with the present to the Club of two handsome silver-plated castors for use on the annual cruises, sought still further to evince their regard for us by this second demonstration. This episode over, the good-byes were said and the ladies assisted back to the wharf. The lines were then cast off, and the schooner slowly rounded into the river, at 1.10 P. M., amidst music from Parmalee's cornet, accompanied by the Club band and the shouts of those upon the pier. Three rousing cheers were given us as the wharf receded from our view under the brisk movements of the tug "Stag," Captain Bramell, which had been engaged to pull us down to Chester. Along the city front, all hands were kept busy either in making music or in answering salutes from the wharves, steam-tugs, ferry-boats, and other vessels, including the American Line Steamship "British Queen," which was just hauling out of her dock to depart for Liverpool.

Barber kept up a continuous fire with his cannon, Mousley played the organ, Parmalee and Clawell their cornets, Ed Rauch and Packard the bull-fiddles, while the rest of the gang cheered lustily when not keeping time with the French horns. By the time the end of the city piers was reached the crowd were pretty well blown out, and paused for a rest. Our surgeon was called upon to minister to Smith and Christ before reaching the coal-wharves, and responded promptly and with good effect. At 1.45 we were off the Gloucester factories. Passing Greenwich Point the salutes were continued by the locomotives on the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, and the stationary engines on the neighboring docks. Just below Gloucester, the Red Star Steamer "Zeeland" passed up, giving us her compliments. Abreast of League Island at 2.20 P. M., and were passed by the "British Queen" bound out. At 2.25 P. M., things had got pretty well calmed down, and the usual muster made as follows:—

Commodore, J. L. SMITH.

Vice-Commodore, JOHN LAMMON.

<i>First Lieutenant</i> ,	C. P. ALLEN.	<i>Eighth Lieutenant</i> ,	W. H. RAUCH.
<i>Second</i> "	G. W. KNIGHT.	<i>Ninth</i> "	C. L. PARMALEE.
<i>Third</i> "	GEO. MOUSLEY.	<i>Tenth</i> "	H. S. PACKARD.
<i>Fourth</i> "	H. J. CHRIST.	<i>Eleventh</i> "	W. H. CLAWELL.
<i>Fifth</i> "	GEORGE WEHN.	<i>Twelfth</i> "	ED. C. RAUCH.
<i>Sixth</i> "	A. B. BARBER.	<i>Thirteenth</i> "	CHAS. F. ETTER.
<i>Seventh</i> "	CHAS. MOUSLEY.		

Surgeon, A. K. MINICH, M. D.

Chaplain, WILLIAM H. DAVIS.

Crew :—

<i>Captain</i> , FRANKLIN CAMPBELL.	<i>Pilot</i> , JAMES B. FOX.
<i>First Mate</i> , LEWIS CAMPBELL.	<i>Purser</i> , RICHARD GREGORY.
<i>Second Mate</i> , HARRY CAMPBELL.	<i>Purser's Clerk</i> , GEO. LONABAUGH.
<i>Third Mate</i> , MORTON CAMPBELL.	<i>Steward</i> , ALEXANDER BELL.

The bunks were then spaced off and numbered, while tickets were prepared and shaken up in a hat, that each member might draw his resting-place for the next twelve days. All hands stepped forward, drew their berths, and at once began to unpack and hang up clothes. Blankets were unrolled and spread upon the mattresses, gum pillows blown up and placed at the heads, and the hold soon assumed a comfortable and home-like appearance. At 2.40 P. M. we are abreast of Fort Mifflin, and at 3 P. M. passing Billingsport. Surgeon Minich here made a narrow escape from an involuntary bath, in consequence of having incautiously leaned upon the gun, which tilted forward with his weight, and nearly spilled him overboard. He soon recovered his equanimity, however, as was evinced by his attempt to convince Etter that a gull sailing overhead was a Jersey musquito. Barber made his appearance on deck with his hands full of lunch, at this point, and the force of his example impelled a number more to feel the pangs of hunger and follow suit. Lazaretto was passed at 3 P. M., while a number of the boys were already making up a mail for home, to be taken up by Rauch, who goes back by the tug, being compelled by business to return to the city for a couple of days. At 3.40 P. M., off Darby creek, some of the bunting was taken in and the mainsail hoisted, preparatory to parting with the tug. At 4 P. M., abreast of Chester wharf, the tug cast us off and, coming alongside, took aboard Rauch and some of the children who had come thus far with us. She then retraced her way to the city, being fortunate enough to secure a tow back, immediately upon dropping us.

Tide was still running up rather strong, and although the awning was struck, and the jib and foresail made upon her, our progress was very slow. Wind very light from N. E. All hands congratulating themselves that we had taken the tug, and thus obviating the necessity of using up the first day and night to get down about to Red Bank, as might have been the case. Passed Roach's ship yards at 4.25 P. M., where two U. S. school-ships were lying at anchor. Sang them some hymns as we sailed along inch by inch and exchanged three cheers with the crew of the "Standish" in passing. Etter here took his trick at trying to fall overboard in his eagerness to assist in the salutes, but was promptly withheld by those nearest to him. At 4.50 were passed by the steamer "Major Reybold," and saluted by her and her numerous passengers, among whom we discovered our friend Dave

McCreight. The wind had died out and the tide not yet turned, and we lay almost becalmed, neither gaining nor losing, but about stationary. There being nothing to be seen and little to be done, the primary class in "Poke" was called up for recitation under the tutorship of Prof. Lammon, and soon bade fair to become a promising set of scholars.



PLAYING POKE.

At 5.40 supper was on the boards, and the river being as unruffled as a mill-pond, all hands were enabled to hold a full, although disappointed in not making faster time in the direction of the Breakwater, which was to be our first landing-place. 6 P. M., still lying becalmed off South Chester, the after-supper pipes lighted, and all hands speculating upon the condition of President Garfield and the probable motives of the assassin for his cowardly deed. Being now, as it were, cut off from all communication, we are left totally in the dark as regards news, and surmises and suspicions of all kinds are rife among us. The day's police were set to work to shut off the sleeping place with musquito netting, and did the job in such a manner as to effectually quell any dread of sleepless nights in consequence of visits from that pestiferous inhabitant of Delaware and Jersey. While lying here were passed by the Ericsson steamer "Henry L. Gaw" with a large crowd of excursionists aboard, who gave us a hearty send-off. Parmalee and Clawell improve the occasion with music. At 6.10 the "John A. Warner" passed up, and her friendly greeting showed that we had not been forgotten in the last twelvemonth. At 6.20 the "Thomas Clyde" met us and also hailed us in a hearty manner, showing that Captain Cleaver also bore us in kindly remembrance. Just as she passed, a breeze suddenly sprang up from S. E., and we started off amid lively expressions of satisfaction from the boys. In a very few minutes the breeze had freshened to such an extent that all hands were called to the rescue of what dishes were remaining on the table, which was standing at an angle very

dangerous to the health of crockery ware. At 6.45 P. M. saluted the Lindenthorpe Club House, just as the Doctor, being called upon to pronounce upon Smith's condition, declared him to be pretty far gone, and recommended sending him back to the Lazaretto for a week's quarantine. As we hated to lose any of the little distance we had gained, it was decided to try and worry through with him. At 7.15 P. M. we are off Oldman's creek with everything drawing under a good sailing breeze. The "Pokers" have adjourned to the cabin and are deeply immersed in their game, while the rest of the party are on deck enjoying a fine sail. At 7.30 met the "Republic" from Cape May, and exchanged salutes, as in the days of yore. Passed Pennsgrove at 8 P. M., with the wind still fresh. Some of the boys shut up in the close cabin begin to feel a slight disturbance in their digestive organs, and come on deck for air. We have been chased ever since the breeze sprang up by the yacht "Delaware," but have managed, so far, to keep to the front. At 8.25 P. M. passed Christiana Light just as the "Delaware" managed to wind us. Etter got up the banjo, and Ed Rauch his mouth-organ, and started us in the music business; Packard and Lammon indulging in a walkaround for an accompaniment. At 8.45 P. M., off Deepwater Point, met a steamer bound up, but could not make out her name. Parmalee turned in with the cornet to help the show along. The night being clear a fine view is had of the comet, together with a brilliant show of the Aurora Borealis, which was visible in the northern heavens.

The air growing too cool for comfort, most of the party sought shelter in the hold, where Knight, Etter, and Ed Rauch made melody with the guitar, banjo, and organ, while the rest lay around upon their bunks smoking and joining in with their voices when anything was played that their musical ability could rise to. "Poke" still in full blast in the cabin. Passed Fort Delaware at 10.15 with the wind still fresh, and anchored for the night off Delaware City a half-hour later. By 11 P. M. all hands had turned in for the night.

SUNDAY, JULY 3d.



ESTERDAY we had awakened to hot blasts of air and parched and dusty streets. This morning broke fair, and the atmosphere cool enough to make a demand for small coats. The schooner was got under way at 4.30 A. M., with a fair breeze still from S. E. About 5 A. M. the surgeon took a quinine, and ordered the same dose for Lammon. Fifteen minutes later passed a three-masted schooner and a large fish-hawk. Off Collins' Beach at 6.40 A. M. and Bombay Hook at 7 A. M.; abreast of "Ship John Light" at 7.45, we made all the signals we could to attract the attention of the keepers, but without success. The wind here shifted to S. W., and began to grow lighter. Breakfast a long way

behind time this morning, and the boys have to dive below once in a while to put in little extra naps to pass away the time until 8 A. M., when the welcome sound of the gong was heard throughout the ship. The gang surrounded the table with ravenous appetites, and soon made sad havoc with the eatables, the vessel meanwhile still making some progress towards the Breakwater. Many schooners and barques are passed on the way, and our vessel shows herself to be possessed of good sailing qualities, and a crew, not only able, but willing, to handle her. At 9.15 A. M. passed Joe Flogger Shoals, with a wreck upon them, which was not there on our last cruise. The day's police cleaned up the hold, and made everything ship-shape below. Christ is keeping up his ancient reputation by napping throughout the morning. Lammon has had a squid out the better part of the morning, in the hope of catching a stray bluefish. Etter has been watching the line with intense interest a good part of the time, but without any reward in the shape of bites. At 10 A. M. the ship's bell was rung, and all hands called for morning service. The band and choir mustered in strong force, with Parmalee leading, showing up with two cornets, two bass-voles, bass drum, guitar, banjo, and ten singers. While the preliminaries were being settled, the band gave the following selections, just to get their hands in: "With the Angels, by-and-bye;" "Rock of Ages;" "Onward! Christian soldier;" "Marching through Georgia," and "Tramp, tramp." The choir then sung the "Sweet by-and-bye,"

with startling effect. Our regular chaplain, Davis, being slightly indisposed, Doctor Minich was called upon to officiate in his stead,



OUR PREACHER.

and responded cheerfully. He announced as his text the following sentence: "Where the chicken scratcheth, there she expects to find a bug." He then proceeded to deliver his sermon, dividing his subject into several heads, and expatiating on each at considerable length, and for so slight a foundation, succeeded admirably in giving to his hearers a discourse at once entertaining and instructive, carrying out the idea promulgated in the text, of working and hoping for the reward thereof. The discourse was listened to with marked attention, and at its close the preacher was encouraged to give us a sermon in Pennsylvania Dutch, supposed to be

delivered by a Mennonite preacher. Among this sect, the speakers are selected by lot from amongst the members of the congregation, and no matter who is chosen, the responsibility is cheerfully accepted. In this case, the lot was supposed to have fallen upon an old farmer, whose plain talk was repeated for our benefit. We say for our benefit, but it might have been as well to deliver it in Greek, as no one understood it but the Doctor himself, and we do not know now whether he was giving us a sermon or abusing us roundly in that unknown language. The Doctor is an innocent kind of a fellow (in his sleep). The choir then filled in with "Auld Lang Syne," and the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

At 11 A. M. came on deck again and found Capes May and Hellen in plain sight. The music was brought on deck and a concert organized to keep the boys from getting into any worse mischief. Some of them have been talking of shooting into the flocks of Mother Carey's chickens which have been playing around the schooner this morning several times. Some of them had as many as twenty or twenty-five chickens together, an unusual sight to us who have seldom seen more than three or four together. The wind kept getting lighter and lighter all the morning until 11.30 A. M., at which hour we are becalmed and still some distance from the Breakwater, although in plain sight of it. Ed Rauch amusing the company with the orguINETTE, the police making ice cream for dinner, Barber manufacturing cuspidores, and Christ snoozing as usual. At 12 M. we are obliged to anchor to keep from backing up the bay. Several lines are put out to try the fishing. In a few minutes, Charles Mousley caught an immense spider, but he dropped off the line just as he went to lift it aboard. Etter went below for a moment to get a piece of board to wrap his line on, and upon

returning, found he had a bite on it. The fish came up hard and seemingly very game. Minich caught the first glimpse of him flashing in the water and shouted, "Boys, he is an immense one." A few more tugs revealed the tin lid of a sauce-pan which must have fallen overboard and accidentally become entangled in the hook. The fishing was abandoned for the time being, not being considered up to the average. Anxious looks are bent upon the Breakwater, and all hands hum the words of "Thou art so near and yet so far," until 1 P. M., when a breeze sprang up and the anchor was raised while sail was being again made. At 1.45 the dinner gong was sounded and all hands resumed their knife and fork exercise with undiminished vigor. The police secured much credit for the excellent ice cream served as dessert to this meal. During the meal the wind again died out, and for over an hour we lay wallowing around at the mercy of the rollers, enjoying a tantalizing sight of the Breakwater, with little puffs of wind in sight all around us, but still out of our reach. The anxiety to near some news of President Garfield's condition is almost maddening, but there seems to be no remedy but patience, of which the stock is apparently small. After enjoying this kind of sport until 3.20 P. M., when the wind struck us from S. W., and we bowled along briskly until 4 P. M., when the anchor was let go behind the stone-pile, having had a tolerable fair run in spite of all our light and head winds. Before the anchor was well down, the news that Garfield still lived was passed around, having been secured from a party coming off from the Government telegraph station. A load was instantly lifted from the minds of all on board, and the spirits of the party rose in proportion. Some little time was spent in preparing lines, after which the whole gang went over to the stone-pile with pole-lines to try the blackfish. The side of the wall towards Lewes was soon bristling with poles, and looked like a porcupine's back when angry. Davis was lucky enough to catch the first fish, while Packard got credit for securing the largest blackfish.

Minich secured among his catch a very large toadfish, which rather impressed him as possessing an unusually fine mouth for medicine. Christ, after having caught two fish, rested from his labors with the remark that to-morrow was another day. At 7 P. M. all hands came aboard, rather sharp-set for their supper. That important factor of our daily whole not being quite ready, Smith baited the shark lines with blackfish and set them out. Mousley and the orchestra meanwhile entertained the neighboring vessels with some music, which, judging from their applause, was highly appreciated. The 1013 Bay Club and the Philadelphia and Salem Barge Club were both anchored here when we arrived, and lie close to us. Several of the members of the Barge Club came aboard in the evening to pay us a friendly visit. They received some of our cards and bait lists, together with a promise of a Log in the near future. After supper, the Club gathered on the forecastle

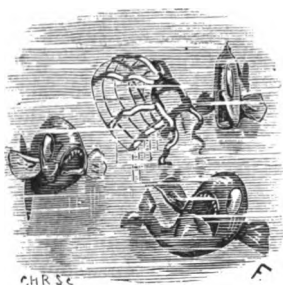
and music of all kind was indulged in, winding up with a grand Callithumpian serenade, a sort of go-as-you-please arrangement, in which every member made as much discord as possible. Such a din was probably never before heard outside of Pandemonium, and was worthy of a German street band backed by a cat concert. When quiet reigned once more, Minich gave us some recitations, and the Club sang some of their old stand-bys in chorus. When these were pretty well gone through with, a shout of "shark" was heard from the stern, where Lammon was seen to be pulling vigorously at one of the lines. A grand rush aft was made, and numerous hands grasped the line. The old hands soon tumbled, and some of



RECITATION.

the more watchful of the new ones followed their example, but Ed Rauch and Etter persevered until they had pulled in Commodore Smith with the skiff in which he had been snugly ensconced under the stern of the schooner. When the racket had subsided, the surgeon was obliged to extemporize a cock-pit in which to repair damages to the participants. Ed Rauch was found to have suffered severe contusions of the leg from having turned a somersault over the half-deck in the first rush. Lammon was in a like predicament, while Knight had scraped a couple of yards of skin off his arm in the same chase. Plenty of court-plaster soon settled all the surgical business. It was then found that Pilot Fox had received a severe cut over his eye from a blow against the edge of his bunk. He had turned in and sprang out in a great hurry, thinking, from the rush and the racket over his head, that some of the party had fallen overboard. By 10.30 P. M., all hands had pretty well turned in, when another cry from Etter announced a real shark on the lines. His call was not responded to very readily until confirmed by other parties. Plenty of help was soon on hand when the alarm was found to be real, and he was soon hauled aboard after receiving a ball from Minich's pistol. He was not very large, measuring only five feet in length, but Etter's enthusiasm over his first shark so carried him away that he announced his intention of remaining on deck all night to watch for another. Everybody else had turned in again and were just getting their first nap, when a thundering racket at the forward hatch caused another turning out. Clawell and Minich, who occupied the nearest bunks, vacated them on the double-quick as they saw the cause of the commotion. Our first impression produced by the sounds made, was that three men abreast had fallen down the ladder and broken it to pieces in their descent. A close inspection revealed the fact that the lately caught shark had worked himself along the deck and down the hatchway; though why he should throw himself so far under the deck in the direction of the doctor's bunk, was more than that worthy officer could understand. It was accounted for

by the suspicion that the shark knew who had shot him. The body was removed to the deck and securely tied, Minich himself looking to the hitches, and the hold once more resumed its wonted quiet. This was uninterrupted until just after midnight, when a tremendous uproar on that infernal Chinese instrument, the gong, aroused the sleepers once more only to listen to the voice of Etter as he calmly inquired down the hatchway, "Don't you fellows down there know that this is the Fourth of July?" Dire threats of future punishment soon shut him up, and the broken slumbers were resumed until morning.



MONDAY, JULY 4th.



AME on deck this morning at 6 A. M. The weather is bright and clear, but rather warm. The national holiday was ushered in by a salute from the gun, and the flags were brought up and the ship decorated wherever it was possible to place bunting, the whole surmounted at the main-top-mast by the Club's fish, and the Second Presbyterian burgee. The first business on Lammon's hands this morning was the dissection of the shark caught last night. This he undertook, under the supervision of the surgeon. His jaws were taken out to accommodate some of the members who wanted the teeth. His gripsack was then opened, but found empty. Lammon had made up his mind to behave himself upon this trip, but temptation came upon him, and he fell. Lonabaugh coming too close to him during the operation, had his nose wiped with the shark's liver, to the evident enjoyment of everybody but himself. Ed Rauch, in trying to take out some of the saw-like teeth of the shark, drew his thumb across one of them and cut it badly, necessitating the services of the doctor, who put a couple of stitches in it to keep his hand in practice.

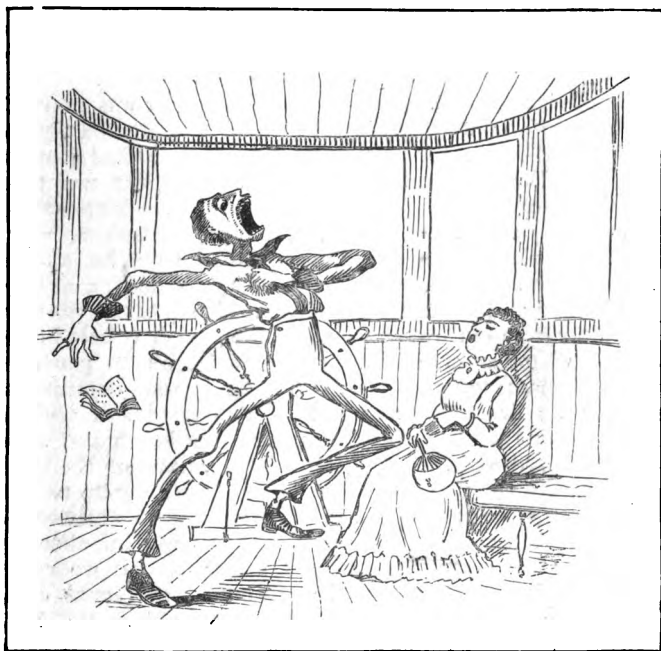
The shark business over, it was resolved to test the jug of Patent Roofing, sent down to the Club at the start by our fellow-member Lane. Considerable discussion ensued, as some little suspicion

was entertained of the contents. Finally it was resolved to try the first dose on Minich, who magnanimously offered himself up as a victim to science. Upon witnessing the first effects of the fluid, his fellow-members became somewhat alarmed. As he survived the effects of the dose for a couple of minutes, the others were emboldened sufficiently to take hold, and Lane received their best wishes and congratulations upon his superior judgment. Just before breakfast was announced, at 7 A. M., the tug "Argonauta," Captain Dave Hallinger, came in from sea, and at the invitation of Captain Campbell, tied up alongside of our vessel. As soon as breakfast was dispatched a party was made up to go over to Cape Henlopen beach to haul the



FIRST EFFECTS OF LANE'S PATENT
ROOFING.

net for crabs. They had just landed, when another requisition was made upon the Doctor's professional services for a sick man who had been working on a small steamboat, now being rebuilt at the head of the Government Pier. He found him suffering from a severe attack of cholera morbus, gave him advice, and had his comrades send off to the schooner for medicine for him. Several hauls with the net were then made, and a good many sand-crabs caught, together with enough weak-fish, flounders, and crocus, to make the crowd a square meal. An excellent bath was then had by the the boat's crew, which freshened them up considerably, although the foul attempts of Vice-Commodore Lammon to take advantage of a man who could not swim, and had not even so much as a chip near him, somewhat detracted from the pleasure of the occasion. Our bath over, we came off to the schooner again at 11 A. M., and found her deserted by the Club. The rest of them had gone over to the stone pile to try fishing again, with the exception of Christ, who had taken up his quarters on board the tug, where we found him at his old tricks, trying to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the chambermaid. Our arrival broke up the

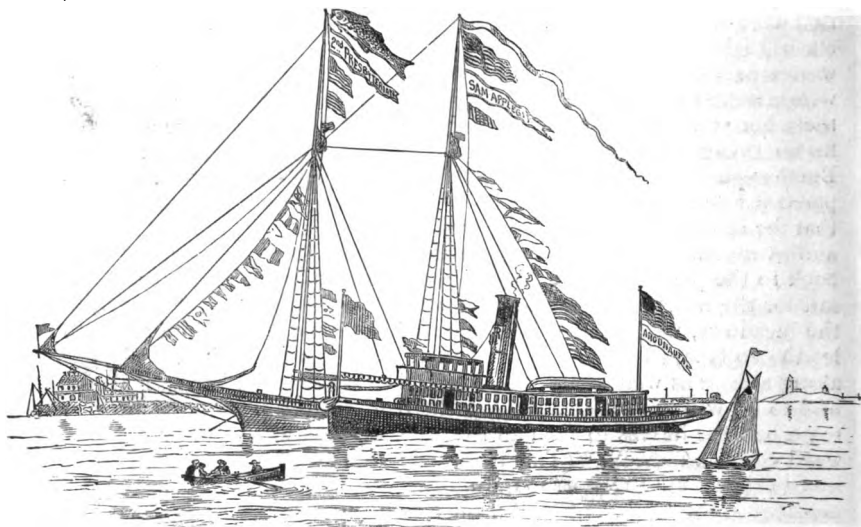


CHRIST IN PILOT-HOUSE.

conspiracy, however, and he came back to his own boarding-house and lay down for a nap. The music was put in full blast for the benefit of our new acquaintances, who seemed to enjoy it very much. The organette especially attracted their attention, and they never tired of hearing it. Poke was also started under the awning, and was soon in full blast. A skiff called alongside, with several ladies and their escorts, from Lewes, who had been over to the Breakwater Lighthouse, and took a drink with us. (Ice-water only.) (We have not forgotten them, because a butter-fingered young man, who was of the party, dropped one of our cups in the bottom of the boat and broke it, thus entailing more expense on the Club.) At 12.30 the party from the stone-pile came aboard again with a small catch of fish, which, with those caught in the net, were given to the police to be cleaned. At 1 P. M. our dinner of snapper stew was set on the table, and the forks and spoons beat the "Devil's tattoo" for a good half hour. The Doctor's appetite is evidently failing him, and it was remarked that a physician who could only eat four plates of snapper, with trimmings to match, was evidently more in need of medicine than his patients. The pound-cake presented to us at the wharf was brought out to grace the occasion, and found to be an excellent one. After giving our dinner a little chance to settle, Captain Hallinger kindly volunteered his boat and services to take the entire party over to Lewes.

As the sun was rather warm for rowing, his offer was gratefully accepted. The uniforms were quickly donned, letters gathered together and the tug boarded in force, together with all the musical instruments, which Captain Dave insisted upon having along. She was then cast loose from the schooner, and first steamed outside the Breakwater to the barque Dominique of Nova Scotia, just from Barbadoes, which lay here awaiting orders. Her captain was roused from his after-dinner siesta, and after waiting for him to curl his hair and shine his boots, we took him aboard and started in for Lewes. Passing our vessel, we received a salute from our own gun, while from other vessels in the harbor we got whatever compliments they were able to pay us. The blowing of horns, ringing of bells, and cheering were continuous until we reached the railroad pier at 3 P. M. We landed, and took up the line of march for the town; up the pier to the beach and along the beach to the board-walk. The sun was heavy, likewise the sand, and the oak boards in the plank walk were all endeavoring to twist themselves off so as to hunt the shade, and by the time we reached the ancient town, all had come to the conclusion that we had about worked our passage. The post-office was first attacked, and we received a warm welcome from its occupant Mr. Brereton, who looks each summer for the return of the Presbyterians as regularly as the Fourth of July. Owing to the fact that we had got to Lewes earlier than usual,

our mail was light. Each member received a postal from Rauch among the other mail, although the Sunday papers which he had promised were not forthcoming. The telegraph office was next visited, and our old friend Bingham found in possession. A number of dispatches were sent home, among others, two to Rauch and Wehn. Skirmishers were detailed to visit the Maritime Exchange and report the arrival of the schooner. Some time was put in through the town to give a chance for an answer from Rauch, but it did not make its appearance; and as Bingham kindly offered to transmit it to the stone-pile for us, we prepared for departure. The objections to walking back were so pointed that the idea was given up. But two carriages could be found in Lewes; and as we could not hire them, we were forced to buy in order to get back to the pier. At 5 P. M. we boarded our new purchases, and set sail for the beach. As long as we went down hill or over the grass of the meadows, we got along pretty well by stopping once in a while to let the collapsed balloons which pulled us fill up with wind. We got along almost as well when we struck the heavy sand, because all we had to do was to get out and push the rear coach. The horses in this team had the heaves to such an extent that they would blow the forward coach on ahead. (This item may seem a trifle exaggerated, but it can have all the corroboration necessary on application to any member of the Club.) Finally, the pier being within easy distance, the teams were abandoned, and as we had no further use for them, we concluded to present them to the drivers who had held the reins for us while we pushed. They accepted the gift on condition that we would leave them cash enough to feed the horses for a few weeks. Of course, the well-known generosity of the Club could not withstand this appeal, and we were finally glad to leave without giving security for their burial in case of death. When we got out on the pier, we found the tug waiting for us and took possession. She steamed slowly out to the schooner and again took her position beside us. New cooking arrangements had been made before we started away, and it was a gratification to find our supper all ready for us on our return. Captain LeBlanc of the barque before mentioned had been with us all the afternoon, and on being pressed, consented to take a meal with us. His marked enjoyment of our fresh fish led to a conversation in which he surprised us by stating that few fresh fish found their way on board ship, from the fact that genuine sailors rarely have much time for fishing. Captain Hallinger having spied a ship off shore, was anxious to get away, and tried to shake LeBlanc loose from his supper before he was ready, but without avail. As soon as the meal was over, however, he cast loose, taking the captain along to leave him on board his vessel, and also, to our regret, carrying off our artist, Packard, who was compelled to return to the city by press of business. As the tug steamed slowly away, the entire Club manned the side of the vessel, armed with handker-



TUG "ARGONAUTA" AND SCHOONER.

chiefs, towels, and old clothes, and after shouting their farewell to Captain Dave and his crew, indulged their grief at parting with Packard to the uttermost. The weeping and wailing were heart-rending, and would have melted a heart of stone. Then the band played "In the sweet bye-and-bye" and we were parted. As soon as our grief had subsided sufficiently, the net was put in the boat and taken over to the beach to get more crabs. Three hauls were made, which heaped up our basket; and as several thunder-storms were looming up around us, it was thought best to get back to the ship. She was reached at 8 P. M., and the clouds having traveled up the bay, the fireworks which had been brought with us were put in the boat and taken over on the Breakwater, with a committee to set them off. Upon landing, a dispatch was handed to Allen from Rauch, announcing that he would meet us at Cape May on Tuesday evening. Through the kindness of the Government operator a dispatch was sent to Wehn, telling him to meet us at Cape May on Wednesday. The fireworks were then set off, and made more work for the Doctor. Knight, Smith, and Barber each had their hands burnt by roman candles bursting in their hands. They did not let this interfere with the finishing of their duty, however, and the result was a very fine display, which was fully appreciated by the lookers-on.

Parmalee contributed his share to the entertainment by discoursing music on the cornet, while the show went on. The weather about 9.30 P. M. begins to thicken up, and three separate thunder squalls are gathering in as many different directions at once, and it looks rough all around, while the lightning flashes incessantly. A mild game of poke was inaugurated, with which to wind up the glorious Fourth, during which the Doctor was kept busy in instructing the rest of the gang into the mysteries of a scientific Jack-Pot until 10.45 P. M., when some of the party adjourned to the deck for a quiet smoke. Allen went to examine the shark lines before turning in, and found a shark hooked on one of them. The shout of "shark" soon brought all hands, and after a long struggle, he was brought up close enough to receive a couple of shots from Minich's revolver, after which he was elevated to the deck with the help of a hitch put around his tail by Barber. He was still very ugly, and the Doctor was rather dubious about turning in while such a customer was still alive on deck. His experience in the hold, of the previous night still stuck in his memory, and he insisted on emptying the pistol into him as he lay on deck. He was finally persuaded to leave the poor shark in peace and induced to turn into his bunk, where he was allowed to sleep the sleep of the just until morning. This shark was found to measure seven feet six inches.



PARMALEE.

a - detail of 3 for Police daily

TUESDAY, JULY 5th.



T 4 A. M., the police were turned out to assist in getting the schooner under way for Cape May, and by 4.30 A. M. sail was made and the anchor up. The wind was very light; in fact we might safely say there was none at all. The cable was overhauled in readiness to let go again, so near did we come to drifting on the stone-pile. A fortunate little puff of wind saved us the necessity of so doing, and the hearts of the police were made glad as we cleared the end of the Breakwater and obviated the necessity of again pumping up that anchor and ten fathoms of chain. Once between the ice-breaker and the stone-pile we feel the breeze more lively, and begin to move off at a good gait. The police, having been on duty so early, gave no peace to the rest of the gang. Minich swept out the hold, including the rest of the sleepers at 5.25 A. M. He then supervised the morning clinic over the body of the shark which was cut open by Ed Rauch and Lammon. His jaws were removed to get the teeth from them. Upon opening his stomach, the head of a large sheep's head was found, but the balance of the fish was digested. Lammon stirred up the contents of his valise a little, and was compelled to rush to the side of the schooner in a hurry, to the intense delight of George Mousley. If he had only had his breakfast aboard, he acknowledged that he would have been obliged to give an account of it. As it was, he could hardly reach last night's supper, but made desperate efforts, and came within a short distance of it. The post mortem being finished, Minich pronounced the funeral oration over the remains, and they were committed to the deep, probably to find a resting place in the interior of some of his sisters, his cousins, or his aunts. Breakfast was promptly rung out from the gong at 6.15 A. M. Soon after the meal was over, several squids were put out to see if any bluefish could be struck. None taking hold, it was thought that perhaps poke might be an inducement to them, and a small game was accordingly started, but proved no attraction. The wind gradually got lighter, and our chances for fish grew proportionately smaller. At 8.15 A. M. we had made about eight miles out to sea. Porpoises in abundance were playing around the ship, until Ed Rauch got the rifle up from below. By

the time he had it loaded, none of them would show up within gunshot. The police were bounced from their positions around the bass-drum, which has been the poker table during the trip, for the purpose of making a bucket of lemonade. At 8.45 we are almost becalmed, and the sun shining down with forty-horse power, and the cold lemonade disappears like water down a rat-hole. At 9.15 Ed Rauch finally got a good crack at a porpoise and struck him, no doubt astonishing him considerably. He stood not on the order of his going, but went at once, and if his first two or three leaps were any indication of his future progress, he must have doubled Cape Horn before the week was out. Our idea in shooting one was to test the oft-repeated assertion that a wounded porpoise's companions in a school will tear him to pieces as soon as they scent his blood. Owing to his sudden departure, we are still undecided as to the truth of the statement. At 10 A. M. we had made thirteen miles from Cape Henlopen, about due S. E., when Pilot Fox announced a bluefish on one of the squids, a couple of which had been left towing astern. In an instant the aspect of affairs was totally changed. The game of "Poke" was "busted," all idlers on the alert, and the lines put out in readiness for more, the pilot having secured the first. Lammon soon struck another, and Allen followed with two more, which were all safely landed. Minich got into the skiff towing astern, and was also fortunate enough to secure a couple, and was delighted, as were all those who had never caught a bluefish before, with his first experience. Although a number of the fish struck were lost, we succeeded in landing sixteen, weighing three and one-half pounds each. Then the wind died out on us again, and the fishing was necessarily stopped. At 12.30 the dinner gong was struck, and all hands responded promptly and effectively, except George Mousley, who had kept well forward and on the broad of his back this morning, except when the fishing was going on. That excitement seemed to make him forget himself while it lasted. While at dinner, the schooner was squared away for Cape May at the first signs of a breeze, as we did not wish to be becalmed out here altogether. At 1.45 we are running along abreast of the beach with a fair breeze, until we round Cape May Point and get the tide under us. At 2.15 P. M. we anchored just above the steamboat wharf, and fired a salute to our old friend Wash Hughes, of the Delaware Bay House. For a couple of hours the boys all lie around resting from their labors, except a few of the most inveterate card players, who keep up their favorite game. About 5 P. M. the boat was taken over to the beach with the net, and several hauls made. A large number of sand crabs were caught, and heaps of weakfish. The last haul of weakfish was particularly fine, nearly a hundred being brought ashore, while as many more made their escape by jumping over the corks before they could be secured. Minich can not resist temptation in the shape of a

practical joke, and he had a good opportunity on shore this afternoon, of which he made the most. Over the sand hills at the edge of the beach was a pile of dead stingarees thrown ashore by the fishermen. Near the edge of the pile lay an old straw hat, the whole mass resembling the body of a man with one arm extended and his face resting upon it. Minich called several of the boys aside, and told them he had discovered a dead man. Taking them a little closer, the appearance and the terrible smell confirmed his words. Some were for giving information to the authorities, but the majority were opposed to doing anything of the kind in Jersey; giving as a reason that we should all be locked up for a week as witnesses. When he had got them all sufficiently excited, the fraud was exposed and the Doctor was satisfied, after a wholesale laugh. As the boat had started ashore with the net, it was hailed from the pier by our fellow-member Rauch, who had come down on the train to rejoin us. When his extravagant demonstrations had somewhat subsided, he endeavored to get the members to go up to the hotel with him, under the plea that he had a surprise for them. But when they found weakfish in the first haul, it was a hard job to shake them loose from the fishing. Finally the basket was filled, and his persistent efforts prevailed upon them to go up to Wash's, where he marched the entire party into one of the dining-rooms, where a number of the wives and children of the members of the Club were seated at the supper table. For a few moments the boys stood dumbfounded and unable to speak. Then the greetings became uproarious for several minutes. After all had expressed themselves sufficiently, the ladies were left to finish their suppers, while the Club went off to the schooner to get their own at 6.30 P. M. We were regaled with some of the bluefish captured this morning, and found them delicious, being



KNIGHT AT PIANO.

cooked in a style befitting their quality. After supper, the police turned in to clean the weakfish caught this afternoon, while the members whose wives were ashore went off to spend the evening with them. Knight and Parmalee kindly volunteered their services with their music to assist in making the time pleasant for the ladies. Wash kindly placed the parlor at our disposal and we occupied it until 10 P. M., having a first-rate time generally. Good-nights were then said, and the party came off to the schooner at 10.30 P. M., and found "Poke" in full play. This was kept up until 11 P. M., and as Rauch and Minich were full of Pennsylvania Dutch yarns afterward, which the boys insisted on having unloaded, the hold did not quiet down until nearly midnight.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6th.



EARLY all hands on deck this morning by 5.30 A. M. The weather still continues to be all that can possibly be desired. Favorable news from Washington still continuing to arrive, the boys are all in good spirits, and prepared to enjoy anything that comes along as part of the trip. The breakfast call was sounded at 6.30 A. M., and the weakfish sampled, or rather, hardly enough of them were left for a sample. After taking the regular constitutional rest, the orders were passed to prepare for a visit to Cape May City. Baths were taken, uniforms brushed up and some of the dirtiest spots chalked over, and at 8.15 both boats were taken ashore with the entire Club in full dress, Captain Campbell accompanying the crowd. The ladies met us at the pier

and were escorted back to their quarters, where they found their breakfasts just ready, although they had been ready for a long time, their trip having given them ravenous appetites. While they were eating, Barber and Minich tackled the billiards, while a number of the others took to the ten-pins for amusement. The children soon finishing their meal, were taken in charge for a stroll up the beach to gather shells. At 9.30 the party took the cars for Cape May, including Captain Campbell, who did the honors to the ladies. This ride is one of the features of the place, and in the opinion of the boys, a very pleasant one. The rapid transit makes such a breeze that it is hard to keep a hat on, and the salt air, together with the constant view of the bay and ocean, makes the ride seem only too short, recalling to mind the narrow-gauge road at the Centennial, where you hardly seemed to be seated before the conductor's voice would be heard repeating the established formula of "End of the route, five cents or get out." Immediately upon our arrival, the line of march was taken up for the post-office, where the mail was received and deposited. Detached columns and skirmishers were then sent out, some seeking barber shops, others the home papers and newspaper offices of the city, while the ladies were escorted to the beach and out on Denizot's Pier, which seemed to furnish the only refuge from the almost intolerable heat of the sun. The air is very close and sultry, and the breeze only felt at the very

verge of the water. Several of the party take advantage of the opportunity to take a bath, and indulge the children to the same extent; the necessity of always providing amusement for the children having been well impressed upon us by Doctor Minich during the voyage. Towards noon, the party come together again at the depot, and at 12.20 took the train back to the Point. Here the ladies were left in charge of Mrs. Hughes, while the Club went out on the pier to see the excursionists land from the "Republic," which was rapidly nearing her destination. In a few minutes, she had tied fast to the wharf and the crowd poured off her. Among them we were pleased to see Mr. H. A. Bartlett and our old friend Allen, of the firm of Allen, Lane & Scott, printers to the Club. As soon as all had passed the gates, the boats were taken out to the schooner, where dinner was served at 1.10 P. M., boiled weakfish being the favorite dish. Dinner over, the husbands returned to their wives, who were to take the afternoon train back to Philadelphia. At 3 P. M. the rest of the party brought the gilling-skiff ashore with the net, to show the ladies how fish were caught. Two hauls were made, but the tide was too high to catch anything but crabs and small flounders, and the fishing was abandoned. The boat returned to the schooner, after those going in her had bid good-bye to the ladies.



RESCUE OF CLAWELL.

Upon reaching the vessel's side, Clawell distinguished himself by falling overboard while attempting to gain the deck. He was rescued without other damage than a thorough wetting. At 4.15 the ladies were taken to the city to make the 4.45 train for home, upon which they departed fully satisfied with their trip, having had a pleasant day with the Presbyterians. Their escorts then carted another lot of mail to the post-office for their fellow-members, and made their way back to the Point. They got off to the schooner at 6 P. M., where supper was found in readiness, and was soon sent to that bourne from which—it occasionally returns when parties are on a fishing trip. After supper, all hands gathered at the

stern of the ship, where considerable time was spent in spinning yarns, the Doctor especially keeping the crowd in a roar. Ed Rauch had the rifle up, and got an occasional shot at a porpoise. An immense turtle raised his head several times, but lowered it too quickly to give

time for a shot, on discovering his proximity to the vessel. The weather being extremely warm and no air stirring, a few mosquitoes make their appearance on deck, but our precautions in the hold prevent any access to our bunks. The only sufferers are those who have low shoes on, as the insects seems to have an especial liking for ankles and insteps. This is probably accounted for from the fact that some of these Cape May insects have tried their instruments of torture on this party before, and having ruined their lancets by trying them on their cheek, now seek out tender spots. At dusk, inquiry was made as to the entertainment committee which had been appointed at a meeting of the Club, and the question asked, What have they been doing for the benefit of the Club? Being hauled out they responded with the following:—

PROGRAMME.

RECITATION—“ <i>Clarence's Dream</i> ,”	CHRIST.	X
RECITATION—“ <i>Crooked-Mouthed Family</i> ,”	MINICH.	
SOLO— <i>Cornet</i> ,	PARMALEE.	X very good
RECITATION— <i>Schiller's "Battle"</i> ,	RAUCH.	
RECITATION—“ <i>Sheridan's Ride</i> ,”	CHRIST.	
RECITATION—“ <i>Schneider's Ride</i> ,”	RAUCH.	
SONG—“ <i>Jersey Sam</i> ,”	MINICH.	
SOLO—“ <i>Killarney</i> ,”	PARMALEE.	
SOLO— <i>Hand Organ</i> ,	ED. RAUCH.	
SONG AND CHORUS—“ <i>Sweet Bye and Bye</i> ,”	THE CLUB.	
CORNET AND GONG—“ <i>Anvil Chorus</i> ,”	PARMALEE AND KNIGHT.	
GUITAR, BANJO, AND ORGAN—	KNIGHT, ETTER, AND MOUSLEY.	
CHORUS—“ <i>Glory, Hallelujah</i> ,”	THE CLUB.	X
RECITATION—“ <i>Abou Ben Adhem</i> ,”	CHRIST.	
RECITATION—“ <i>Darkey Sermon</i> ,”	Dr. MINICH.	
SOLOS— <i>Cornet</i> ,	PARMALEE.	
RECITATION—“ <i>Charge of the Light Brigade</i> ,”	CHRIST.	
AULD LANG SYNE, by the Club, accompanied by all the music.		

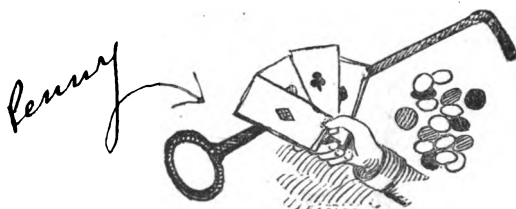
The above efforts were heartily applauded, not only by the auditors on our own boat, but by the crews of several other vessels anchored near us, several of which also contained bay clubs. The H. H. Pierson Club was anchored nearest to us, and had a flute and drum corps

aboard, which, after some of our music, would give us a return tune.



CHRIST RECITING.

A number of parties also came out on the pier to listen to the music, and gave liberal tokens of their approval. After the performance was over and the entertainment committee had received the congratulations of their fellows, we happened to discover a remarkable echo from the direction of Cape May, in answer to some notes of Parmalee's cornet, and he was kept busy amusing some of his hearers, until a fog, creeping in from the ocean, seemed to kill off the echo. The state of the atmosphere must have been peculiarly favorable to the development of the echo this evening, as it would repeat all passages plainly, keeping four notes behind the cornet all the time. Meanwhile a gang of Pokers, consisting of Smith, Minich, Charles Mousley, Barber, Davis, Rauch, and Clawell, had organized a game, which, to the great scandal of this Club, was afterward found to have been kept up until 1 A. M. The respectable portion of the community have turned in at 11 P. M.



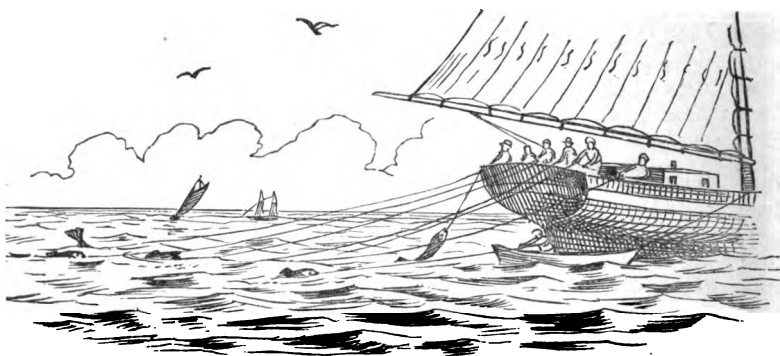
THURSDAY, JULY 7th.



N deck at 4 A. M., to assist in getting the ship off for the fishing banks. The police having fulfilled their part when the anchor was hoisted and sail made, returned to their dreams of home. The wind is very light, and not much progress is made at first. Sound sleep has been the order of the night, and the main body of the gang only turn out at the sound of the breakfast gong at 6 A. M. Hasty toilets are made, the only incentive needed being the short sentence from the cook, "Tumble up, or your grub will be cold." The meal once over, squids are overhauled and a few of them put

out. The breeze has freshened a little, but scarcely enough for blue-fishing, and for some time no bites are had. About 7.30 A. M. a better streak of wind struck us, and all fishermen kept a bright lookout and a tight hold of their lines, which trailed after the schooner like so many telegraph wires with one pole down. At 8 A. M. the first fish was struck and safely landed aboard. General exclamations of surprise, admiration, and approval greeted his advent, and the scales being called for, he was found to weigh six and one-half pounds. This fellow must have been a solitaire, as we saw no more for some time. At 8.15, came in sight of the Five Fathom Light-ship, our schooner making excellent time, and all hands thoroughly enjoying the delightful sail we are having. A good many of the party have never been this far off shore before, and are much pleased with their first experience. The breeze has come out stronger, and the air is pleasant and cool, although the sun is hot. At 8.45, came up with the Light-ship, which dipped her colors and rang the bell in response to our salute. The master hailed us and invited us on board, although his first inquiry was for news of the President's condition. A boat's crew promptly took advantage of the invitation, and the schooner was thrown up in the wind while they embarked, and then stood off and on until their return. They took aboard with them the latest papers we had, together with one of our last year's logs. When they came back a boat came with them to get some rock-salt from us, as their stock had run out. We gave them a supply and parted company. Etter came back

on the light-keeper's boat, thus keeping up his reputation on board the schooner, viz.: that of trying everything, new or old, that comes in his way. He has tackled everything, afloat and ashore, below and aloft, since we have come away from home. All the musical instruments, oars, eatables, anchors, halliards, boats, all kinds of knots, and everything, in fact, except poke, which seems to possess no attraction for him. Our party once more aboard, we stood in towards shore, as the wind was getting light again. We had only caught three or four bluefish, although keeping an anxious lookout for more. After getting some distance in, we spied a small sloop tacking as though she had found fish, and we stood out again for her. At 9.30 we struck them again, and captured three fish in short order. In a few moments we had five more hooked at once, of which three were got in safely.



BLUEFISHING.

The excitement grew until it was of the wildest description, and can not fail to be long remembered by those who were sharers in the sport. All were anxious to be among the fortunate ones, and the squids were out so thick that many fish were lost through the entanglement of lines or the officious handling of lines by parties other than the owners. Knight, who lost three in succession, received many compliments (left-handed) from the gang in the rear, who always do their fishing by looking on and telling the fishermen how to get them in—a sort of inspector who can always be found, no matter what kind of operation is going forward. We finally lost the school and squared away for shore again, catching a few more a couple of miles nearer shore. The fish caught to-day were all of the same size as the first one caught this morning, and when tried by the scale did not vary an ounce from six and one-half pounds. The wind lightened up a good bit, and we made but little headway after getting in sight of land again. The

schooner began to roll very much, and George Mousley again took refuge in lying on the broad of his back, and had a blue look about the gills. At one time the gang had strong hopes of him, and although Rauch offered him heavy inducements to part with his breakfast, they were again doomed to disappointment. A large shark made his appearance close aboard, and Ed Rauch gave him two shots and Captain Campbell one, but he sailed serenely by without deigning to acknowledge the compliments. Dinner was announced at 12.15, and enough wind having sprung up to keep the schooner on an even keel, Mousley was able to keep way with the rest at demolishing the meal, which was prolonged to considerable length in default of any better occupation. While sailing slowly along after dinner, as a relief to the dullness of the occasion, Clawell lost his Sunday straw overboard, and two or three tacks were necessary before we could recover it. This was finally accomplished by jamming a boat-hook through the crown and lifting it aboard. It was all there yet, although a little in the condition of the man whose face was kicked by a mule—more useful than ornamental. At 2.45 P. M. we are running along abreast of the hotels at Cape May, and at 3.15 the anchor is again let go at our old stopping place at Cape May Point. A pair of the large bluefish were at once boxed in ice to be sent to our brother Wehn, and a party took them ashore to have them go up on this afternoon's express. A number of the others were cleaned and packed well in the ice, to try and save them for our dinner at Sea Breeze on Sunday next. When the committee got ashore they found at Wash Hughes' the members of the Lonely Three Bay Club, whom we have met on several trips before. After spending some time in conversation between themselves and with the other man behind the counter, the 4.15 train was taken to the city, and the fish put aboard the 4.45 express for Philadelphia. After calling at the post-office and receiving more mail for the boys, they stopped and laid in a new lemon-squeezer, ours having got broken. They returned to the Point on the 5.20 train, and found that part of the gang who had remained at the hotel had gone aboard, taking Wash Hughes with them. They hailed the schooner, and a boat was sent ashore for them, which brought them off. They found supper ready when they arrived, and all hands sat down, keeping Hughes prisoner until he had taken a meal with us. Supper over, all hands once more went ashore, although the weather looked heavy and the lightning flashes were incessant. We had scarcely gained the shelter of the hotel porch and got comfortably seated when the rain came down in torrents, and the thunder-crashes followed the sharp flashes of lightning in quick succession. Some of the boys began to wish themselves on board the boat again, as it looked as though it might hang on all night. An adjournment was had, however, to the parlor of the hotel, where the evening was put in for the amusement of the

hotel guests and the family. The Randolph Bay Club had also come ashore and taken up a position on the porch outside. The programme was gone through with in the following order:—

five

MUSIC,	PARMALEE, KNIGHT, AND CLAWELL.
RECITATION,	CHRIST.
RECITATION,	MINICH.
RECITATION,	RAUCH.
PIANO AND ORGUINETTE,	KNIGHT AND ETTER.
CORNET SOLO,	PARMALEE.
RECITATION,	CHRIST.
RECITATION,	RAUCH.
RECITATION,	MINICH.
MUSIC,	KNIGHT, PARMALEE, AND CLAWELL.

The Club then sang, "There is a Boarding-House," though not intending it as any reflection on the Delaware Bay House. Lammon was hard pressed for a dance, but could not be brought to time. More music was furnished from piano and cornet, and the Club adjourned to the ten-pin alleys, where several games were rolled. Some of the Randolph Club kindly consented to assist in setting up the pins, so that all the alleys could be used at once. Minich and Clawell tried their skill at the cocked hat, while the others took theirs plain. Rauch received another illustration of the hopelessness of science playing against dumb luck, when Allen rolled seven successive strikes against him. At 10 P. M. the rain had ceased entirely, and all hands prepared to go aboard the schooner. One boat-load went off and sent the boat back for the remainder, who got safely off, although it was very dark and the water rough. Sponge-baths were taken by many before going below, and by 11 P. M. everything was quiet for the night.

FRIDAY, JULY 8th.



AMMERED out of bed this morning by Captain Campbell, who was banging the bass-drum to rouse us. Breakfast on the boards at 6.30, barely giving time to Lammon, Barber, and Minich to "kiss the baby" after getting washed. After breakfast, preparations were made for a start up the bay. Upon pulling in the shark-hooks, a fish was found hooked upon each one. They had hooked themselves in the night, and, becoming entangled together, had so far drowned as to be hauled aboard without difficulty. One measured eight feet and the other only four feet. The large one was deprived of the jaws and the rest of him thrown overboard, as was the body of the smaller fish. Rauch, who cut out the jaws, was bitten through the end of one of his fingers by the teeth shutting down on him while performing the operation. At 7.30 A. M. the police tackled the anchor and made sail for Fishing creek. The breeze was quite fresh, and we had an excellent sail, much enjoyed by all hands, although Minich loudly lamented the fact that we were going up the bay instead of outside the Capes again. He thinks blue-fishing the very perfection of the piscatorial art, and would have more of it. More of the boys are of his opinion also, but we are due at Sea Breeze on Sunday, and it is necessary to work up if we would make our points. At 8.45 A. M. we came to anchor again off Fishing creek, and a boat's crew went ashore to look for potatoes, of which indispensable edible we are beginning to run short, and to give Smith a chance to call upon Captain Ike Thompson who lives in the neighborhood. The tide being pretty well out, they struck the flats about half a mile from shore, and were compelled to lighten the boat by getting out and wading, until all hands were working their passage—walking through the mud and pushing the boat ashore. When the shore was finally reached, Smith walked over a couple of townships in search of Captain Ike, whom he finally found, and from whom he secured the potatoes and a supply of milk for ice cream. He also endeavored to bring him off to take dinner with us, but without success. The Doctor in the meantime had struck Fishing creek, where he prospected around for some time, looking for a chance to establish a new ferry. But his success was limited, and he gave up the project. The tide went out until the boat was left several hundred yards from water, and they were compelled to wait a long while for its reappearance. As soon as she would

float, they waded her off again, until deep water was reached, when the sail was raised and they were soon on board again, having had enough Fishing creek for one trip. While the boat was ashore, the police got up on deck all the mattresses and blankets, and gave them an airing during the whole morning. The sleeping place was then given a thorough overhauling and cleaning out. Christ, being thus cut off from his regular snoozes, wandered around the ship like a lost sheep, trying first one spot and then another, finally winding up on a coil of ropes under the lee of the main-shrouds, where he found comparative comfort. During the morning Captain Campbell was taken very ill, and had a heavy chill, followed by a raging fever. As he gradually felt worse, he expressed a desire to be taken to Fortescue Beach or Sea Breeze, that he might get to his home in Bridgeton. It was then resolved to sail for Fortescue as soon as the boat came aboard. They came off at 1.15 and reported that Smith had been away from them at a farm-house for two hours, and had returned to them knock-kneed and hump-backed. After unloading the potatoes and milk, dinner was tackled and put out of sight, and at 2 P. M. sail was made up the bay. The Doctor, who had been ashore with the boat, called in to see the Captain, and found him in a high fever. He informed him that when his fever broke, there would be a dose of medicine ready for him. The Captain demurring a little about taking the dose, was promptly informed by Minich that although the ship might be run by the Captain, the Captain would certainly be run by the Surgeon, and that settled it. Off Brandywine Light at 3.30 P. M., with a snorting breeze from S. E., all hands on deck enjoying a perfect sail.

Passed Egg Island Light at 5 P. M., and arrived abreast of Fortescue at 6 P. M. The good breeze still holding, we came to the conclusion to keep our course up the bay to Sea Breeze, instead of landing here. The Captain could get home equally well from either place, and we thought we would make time while we had the breeze. At 6.20 P. M. supper was got through with after setting the table across the deck, as the stiff breeze blowing would not admit of anything staying on the table when set fore and aft. Etter made his appearance from below when the gong sounded, with his faced striped like a zebra, and appeared amazed at the shouts of laughter with which he was received. Having just awakened from a nap, he naturally took a wash. The salt water which he used served to black him in a solid color instead of in stripes. With the aid of the Captain's looking-glass he was for the first time enabled to understand the cause of the uproar around him. The stripes on his face are supposed to have been caused by the reflection of the sun's rays from the galley stove-pipe, which stood on deck at about the correct angle from his bunk. At 7.15 we came to anchor off the pier at Sea Breeze. Intending to fish for weakfish in the morning, a boat was sent ashore to try and catch some crab-bait. A number of

hauls were made with the net, but without catching anything in the shape of a crab. One large rockfish and a number of moss-bunkers were our only reward. The small fish were utilized as bait for the shark-hooks, and they were set out at once. At 8.30 P. M., in a very short time after the hooks were baited, a stentorian shout from George Mousley announced a catch on one of them. Now, George's word is always solid, and as nobody ever suspected him of putting up a job, he immediately received all the help he wanted, and the fish was promptly hauled up to the side, and loud calls made for Minich with his revolver. The Doctor was just measuring out the promised dose of medicine to the Captain in his cabin when he heard the call. Divining the cause at once, he dropped the medicine case and ran for his pistol, making his appearance on deck with the remark that "the Captain would have to grunt until that shark was killed." (Somebody happening to say to him later, "suppose the Captain had died in the meantime?") "That," replied Doc, would have been a dispensation of Providence.") After a couple of balls had been put into the shark, he was hauled aboard with much difficulty, and still proved very lively, snapping his jaws in a vicious manner and scattering the crowd in a twinkling, whenever he swung his tail around. He was finally quieted down, and when measured found to be eight feet four inches long. Rauch was standing straddling over him, when a timely twitch of the rope fast to the shark's tail, bringing it up against his legs, caused him to jump almost over the heads of the ring around him, and he could hardly be convinced that the shark was too far gone to move. The hook was re-baited and set out, and Doc. left free to minister to his patient again, which he succeeded in doing this time without interruption. The night growing cool, the gang went below and started a little music. When Minich returned from the cabin, somebody started him on a new tack as a phrenologist. The few days' communication he had held with the Presbyterian household enabled him to get off some telling hits as he successively manipulated the heads offered to him. But when it came to Christ's turn, and the Doctor, after mysteriously feeling the bumps for some moments, confidentially told Christ that he would prefer giving him a character privately, he brought down the house and brought the sitting to a close. The poke table was then turned down and soon surrounded. Presently the players are saluted with a blast from George Mousley on the subject of their game. He wants the whole business of blinds, straddles, and jack-pots knocked in the head, and thinks that there must be something radically wrong in any game "where three little deuces will knock the stuffing out of two kings and two queens." His homily is apparently lost on the players, as it elicits no response except an occasional "Oh! shut up." Etter and Ed Rauch spend the evening on deck watching for another shark, as, where one is caught as large as we have now on deck, a mate for it is generally not far distant. The card-players kept it up until

11 P. M., when they retired and gave those in the neighboring bunks a chance to get asleep. The hold had just quieted down when repeated yells of "shark" from Etter brought on deck Allen, Charles Mousley, and several others. The line drew in heavily, but after two or three pulls, no kick being observed in the fish, the older hands dropped the line with the exception of Charles Mousley, around whose leg it had become entangled, and who was nearly jerked overboard by the weight upon it. He called for help, and soon received it, when the line was drawn and found to have on the end of it a large piece of iron, weighing about seventy-five pounds, which Smith had brought from the Breakwater as an anchor for the yawl-boat. The hook was once more set, and all hands sought their bunks again after driving Etter below for the night. Wind N. E., and the weather very cloudy.

SATURDAY, JULY 9th.



BREAKFAST, boys!" was the first sounds we heard this morning. The time was 6 A. M., and the voice that of the cook, who was all ready for us. The weather is thick and heavy, and the wind still from N. E., and the night has been very cool, causing the top blankets to be drawn pretty closely over us before morning. Captain Campbell made his appearance looking a little the worse for wear, but feeling so much better that he hoped to be able to continue the cruise with us. At 6.45, after breakfast was stowed, two boat's crews were

detailed for shore duty. One was to haul the net, and the other to gather, buy, beg, or steal wood, as our supply was growing beautifully less with every meal. The first boat went up the shore to a good clear stretch of sandy beach, and after making two or three unsuccessful hauls, stripped and passed the time in taking a good bath. They then gathered in what wood could be found in their neighborhood, and loaded it into their boat and pulled for the schooner. The other crew, containing Barber, Davis, Minich, Allen, and Knight, with Captain Campbell as passenger, went directly to the pier. They first interviewed Captain Shailer of the Warner House, in regard to the prospects of buying some wood, and found them to be very slim. As there were no wood-piles in the vicinity but the Captain's own, and he knew of our intentions, it became necessary to undertake the exertion of gathering the driftwood, of which a plentiful supply was found and our boat loaded therewith. When we had first landed, we found that Mr. D. J. Gordon, a photographer, had established his gallery at the head of the pier. Negotiations were opened with him in regard to taking pictures of the Club and of the schooner in her holiday attire. The question arising of the size of the picture that could be made of the schooner, Gordon carried his camera out to the end of the pier to settle it. As soon as he was seen from the schooner, all was activity on board her. The crew shook out the flags, and assumed prominent positions in the rigging and along the sides. Even Christ, who had

been asleep below, came on deck and took a stand at the foremast shrouds. He was gradually worked forward by repeated waves of the hand until he actually scrambled out to the end of the bowsprit, where he struck a heroic attitude, steadying himself by the jib-stay and waiting patiently for the picture to be taken. Just at this time along came the other boat on its way to the schooner, and saw the supposed preparations for taking a picture. Here was another good chance too good to be lost. They were easily induced to row within range of the glass, and obey all orders given from the end of the pier. They dropped anchor, pulled it up and moved, took in and let out their painter, tossed their oars, sat down, stood up or stooped, and in fact were the most obedient crew ever known in the history of the Club. Captain Campbell and the artist himself were very anxious that the picture should go on, as the schooner lay in an excellent position; but the rest of the party would not permit so excellent a joke on the boys to be spoiled in that manner. They consented that Gordon should go back to his gallery and bring down the case which holds the plate, to make the deception still more complete, but took good care to look inside before he was allowed to put it in his camera, to see that they were not being sold themselves. (Such is the guileless nature of the average Presbyterian—innocent himself, he never suspects his neighbor.) All hands kept very still as the critical moment drew nigh, in strict obedience to the shouted injunctions from the pier. Christ was stood up again, he having assumed a sitting position while the boat was being arranged; the usual flourish of the black cloth was given, followed by the withdrawal and replacement of the brass cap, and the job was complete. The crew of the boat, impatient to see the picture, came ashore without unloading their wood. By the time they reached the gallery, the other gang had removed from the wall an old tintype of the revenue-cutter "Hamilton," and handed it to them as the picture of the schooner. Then, and only then, it dawned upon their minds that they had been badly sold; and although at their own expense, the joke was too good not to be enjoyed. The whole arrangement, to those on the pier, was indescribably rich. After making arrangements to have the pictures taken on the morrow, all hands prepared to go on board. Having told Captain Shailer of our inability to catch any crabs, he kindly gave us plenty of clams, which were the best substitute he had, and refused any compensation. Both boats then returned to the schooner and unloaded their cargoes of wood, after which the yawl was hoisted up to the davits and the gilling-skiff fastened astern. The anchor was pumped up again and sail made for Ship John Light at 9.20 A. M. The wind being light, we are hardly able to stem tide, but manage to work our way out a little crab-fashion, going ahead and sideways at the same time, but still making towards our objective point. Not satisfied with the exertion of heaving anchor and making sail, all

hands take a turn, by way of exercise, at sawing wood. Minich as usual took the premium, having served an apprenticeship at the business in his younger days in Lancaster county. At 10.40 A. M. anchored off the Light, settled away and put up the awning. Several lines were soon overboard, but being still near high water, no fish were caught. At 11.15 the "Republic" passed down just as the Lonely Three Club came up abreast of us and anchored, after exchanging salutes with us and giving three cheers for the Presbyterians. A party went over to the Light, saw Captain Knowles, and were cordially received by him. He had been looking for us last week on our way down, but we had passed in the early morn, when the keepers are getting their first sleep, without being able to make them hear our signals. The new hands were shown through the house, and were highly pleased with everything, especially Etter, who tried everything as usual, excepting the light itself, which it is forbidden for anybody to touch. This was a sore trial to Etter, and the first set-back he had received. Our other friend Wright was off duty and visiting his family. The visitors came back home just as dinner was announced at 12.30 P. M. While eating, the "Pennsylvania," of the American Line, passed down, bound out. Shortly after dinner, a crew took the gilling skiff over to the Light, and anchored her to one of the rings in the base of the tower, to try the weakfish. The strong current kept the boat cutting and sheering about to such an extent that there was no satisfaction in trying to fish; while the constant shifting while our lines were on the rocks at the bottom caused the loss of so many sinkers and hooks that the party was nearly bankrupt before getting back to the ship. For a long time they were the picture of bad luck. When the slack-water came, however, their patience was rewarded to some extent. Smith was fortunate enough to catch a fine sheepshead, and several weakfish were added to the pot. Any number of toadfish contributed their aid to help the fishers to break the third commandment, and were egged on by scores of eels. In fact, the air around the boat got so blue that it was taken for a fog, and haste was made to get back to the schooner. This was accomplished after a severe tug against the strong flood tide. A barber shop was found going in full blast when they reached the vessel, although each man was his own scraper, except Lammon. He, mustering enough confidence to allow Minich to shave him, was rewarded therefor by having half the skin taken off his face, and came very near getting his throat cut, through laughing at the comical stories told by the Doctor with murderous intent. The smoke of the burning coal oil in the barque which was struck by lightning near Reedy Island, on Thursday night last, has been visible all today, rising from the water in immense black columns and spreading out high above. The weather has been cloudy and heavy all day, what little wind we have had being from E. We have had so much easterly

weather for several days past, that it is feared we will yet have a storm, but it is hoped on all hands that it will not come to-morrow, so as to interfere with the pleasure of our guests expected from Philadelphia. A number of weakfish were caught from the deck of the schooner, but they were not near so large as those caught at the Light. Supper was the word at 6 P. M., and it was soon punished in the usual short way. As soon as the crew were through with their suppers, the anchor was raised at 7 P. M., and we started in shore again for Sea Breeze, with the wind ahead and strong tide against us. It was deemed advisable to work in to-night, as, in case of a calm to-morrow morning, we should be dished in our good intention of entertaining our friends. The music which followed our starting off was too good to be wasted, and a plain quadrille was got up on deck. The usual drawback to a stag set was here experienced, as the females invariably forgot to which sex they belonged, and we had no chalk with which to mark them. It served to pass the time away anyhow, and if not suggestive of much style, produced an unlimited amount of racket and fun. At 8 P. M. the mud-hook was again dropped just above the pier at Sea Breeze, while the full orchestra was getting in its biggest licks. The sun set clear this evening, but heavy banks of clouds are visible both in S. E. and S. W. These, Captain Campbell says, are only fog-clouds, and we hope he is a true prophet. As soon as the shades of night had fallen, the inevitable pokers seized upon the bass drum and began their usual evening services. At 9 P. M. they were called off from labor for a short season to enjoy a balloon ascension. The two Rauchs, during yesterday morning, had taken advantage of the empty hold, when the beds were airing, to manufacture a balloon nine feet high, and this evening was selected as a good time to start it on its voyage. Rauch and Etter took it ashore, having first robbed Lammon of his bath sponge in order to complete the erection of the air-ship. A programme of the Club was attached to the wires, the balloon inflated with hot air, and the sponge filled with spirits of wine and lighted. The wind had got pretty strong, and it was almost feared to risk the ascension, but she was finally let go, and went off very successfully, going skyward, and traveling up the bay at a terrific rate as long as we could see it. For a good while it looked like an opposition comet, and we should not be surprised to see a reward claimed for its discovery, exclusive of the one attached to the Club's card on the balloon. The perfect ascension was a great surprise to the lookers-on, who were astonished to see anything succeed where Rauch was chief engineer. Rauch himself was surprised to see the balloon go off without being helped with a match or a stone in the hands of some of his co-laborers in the good cause.

Another party went ashore from the schooner at 9.30 P. M., just as the Randolph Club came to, a short distance from us, and anchored for the night. They passed an hour at the Warner House with Captain Shailer,

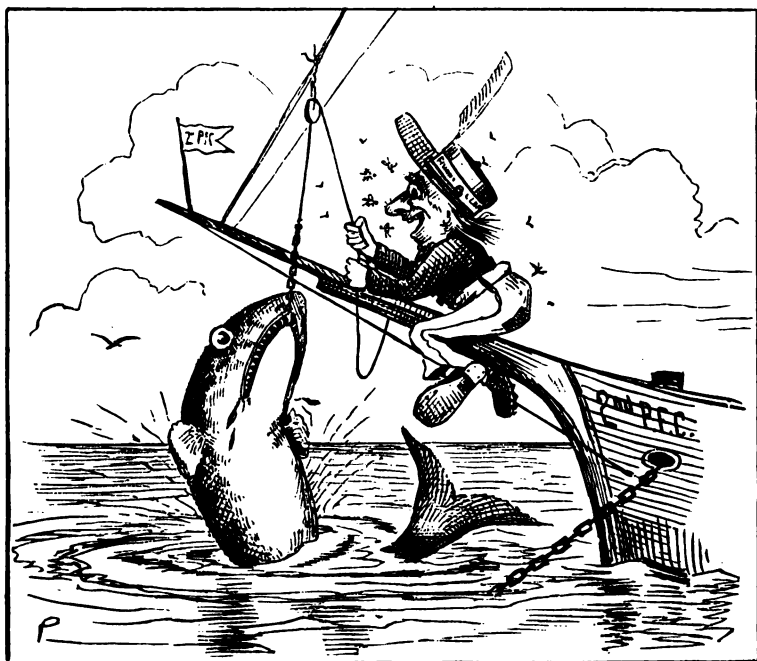
and came aboard again at 10.30 P. M. By 11, all hands had turned in except Minich and Rauch, who remained on deck for a little chat and a late smoke. At 12 P. M., the ship was fairly shaken by a shout from each of them, which would have awakened the Seven Sleepers. The boys were soon on deck in all sorts of costumes, and found that the Doctor had caught another shark, and a desperately wicked fellow he was. Doc had been sitting quietly smoking his pipe, when he heard a loud splash just clear of the schooner. He ran to one of the shark lines and pulled in two or three yards; finding it light, he was about to let it go again, when he got a tug which all but took him over with it. When assistance arrived, the united efforts of six men could not keep the fish up to the side of the schooner long enough to get a ball into his head, until he had been allowed sufficient play to drown him a little. Even after the Doctor had put five balls into his head from the revolver, and Rauch supplemented them with one from the rifle, it was no easy matter to get a hitch on him to hoist him aboard. When hauled in at last, he was securely lashed, head and tail, and left to meditate upon the uncertainties of shark life until morning. His length was eight feet seven inches, and he was thought to be the heaviest in weight we had ever caught. The schooner was soon quiet again, and all hands once more sought their bunks.

SUNDAY, JULY 10th.



ATE hours this morning are the result of last night's alarm. All hands slept heavily this morning, and were only routed out by the cook's gong at 6 A. M. After half an hour's labor at washing, sharpening teeth, and kissing the baby, the morning meal was tackled and was soon numbered among the things that were. As soon as the crew were through with their breakfast and the dishes washed out of the road, all hands went on police duty to clean up ship. The latest capture in the shark line was thrown overboard, towed under the bows and hoisted up to the bowsprit, mainly by Etter, who superintended the operation, and whose delight was so great thereat,

that our artist has attempted to depict his pleasure.



ETTER HAULING UP SHARK.

True

The bunks were then overhauled and the hold swept out ; the dirty clothes tucked under the beds, fresh saw-dust spread over the stumps in the spittoons, the chickens sent ashore to rusticate, flags spread to the breeze wherever they could be made fast, the decks scrubbed down, and the ship was ready to receive company. The bluefish packed in ice on Thursday were taken out and found frozen as stiff as ramrods and as sweet as roses. Not so the Club, however, for they wanted scrubbing as well as the ship, after their morning's exertions. Some took a plunge-bath off the schooner's deck, but one boat-load took the yawl and landed some distance up the beach for their swim. Greenhead flies soon scented them out, and compelled them to take water as soon as they were disrobed. One or two were strangers to their peculiar biting qualities, but no second notice was needed to make them leave the sand. After getting through with their wash, having no change of clothes with them, they resolved to go aboard in the costume of our long-deceased progenitors Adam and Eve. The suggestion was no sooner made than acted upon, with the exception that, in order to illustrate the advance of fashion since Adam's time, they saw his attire and went two points better. These consisted of an additional blade of grass and a hat. Quick time was made for the schooner, as the greenheaders pursued them relentlessly. The scene, as the entire boat-load came up over the side of the schooner and disappeared down the hatchway in Indian file, was worthy of the pencil of a Raphael, and will long be remembered by those who witnessed it, and whose shouts of laughter over it were aggravated by the grave countenances of the participants themselves. Such a collection of cherubs would be hard to get together again. Full uniforms were then donned, and a detail kept busy killing the green flies, which had gathered thickly on the under side of the awning. A good breeze had sprung up, and it was hoped that, by getting rid of those on board, we should be clear of them for the rest of the day, which hope was afterward realized. At 12 M. the steamer "John A. Warner" hove in sight and the entire Club went ashore. Having some spare time, it was made use of to call upon Captain Shailer at the Warner House, where were also found a large number of callers from Bridgeton and the surrounding country. When the steamer had nearly reached her landing, the Club was formed in column, with the officers and music in front, and marched down to the end of the pier in readiness to receive our guests, whose faces we began to distinguish here and there amongst the crowd of passengers. Barber had the guns planted in the sand of the beach, and they roared out the first welcome, soon augmented by the shouts of the Club and the excursionists, together with the drum, gong, and organ on board the schooner. A few minutes were spent in introductions and hand-shaking, and then the visitors were first sent on board the schooner by two crews detailed for the purpose. The boats then returned to the wharf for the members of the

Club, who spent the time before the gong was sounded in showing our visitors the accommodations of the vessel and explaining to them some of our pastimes on board. The large shark we had hanging at the bow was the subject of general curiosity, and surprise was expressed that a line of the size of that on which he was caught should hold such a fish. Dinner was soon served, and our invited guests took their seats around the tables, while the members assumed the duties of waiters, and endeavored to forestall any wants of their visitors. The bluefish, sheeps-head, and rockfish were served up boiled, and the weakfish fried; and judging from the appearance of the relics after dinner, none of the fish had deteriorated from their usual qualities. The keen enjoyment of the dinner added infinitely to the pleasure it always gives the Presbyterians to entertain their friends; and the fact that our fellow-member Wehn had been able to run down to us, even if only for this day, lent additional enjoyment to the occasion. The dinner, with the ice-cream and subsequent cigar, lasted until after 2 P. M., when preparations were made to return our guests to the wharf. This was safely effected by 2.30 P. M. After the warning bells of the steamer had sounded and all her passengers had gone aboard, she attempted to leave on her upward trip, but found herself hard and fast aground. The tide had fallen unusually low and the mud had taken a good hold of her bottom, or else she was loath, as were some of her passengers, to leave the good company of the Presbyterians. After making repeated efforts to move her, her officers gave up the attempt, and were forced to wait more than half an hour until the tide swelled sufficiently to float her. This would have been a tedious wait for the crowd on board, had it not been for the efforts made by the Club on the wharf to entertain them. This was done chiefly through the instrumentality of Rauch, who had returned to the schooner as soon as he found the steamer was aground, quickly donned his Dutch suit and wig, mounted the bass-drum and an immense pipe, and returned to the wharf. Here his comical appearance and Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, together with his efforts to keep clear of the cannon-crackers, with which the members of the Club were amply provided, served to keep the whole crowd in an uproar until the steamer floated—the accidental smash of the huge Dutch pipe, when he was upset backwards over his drum, bringing forth an immense yell from the crowd. At 3.35 P. M., before the fun had a chance to become monotonous, the steamer gave another effort and started on her homeward trip, with an enthusiastic send-off from the gang on the pier, well returned by those on board, and quickly receded from our view. Captain Eldridge gave the schooner a salute as he passed, which was returned by those on board. The Club then called at the photograph gallery, and gave themselves into Gordon's hands to be grouped for their picture. His arrangements were soon effected, and, strange to say, the gang was quiet long enough to enable him to

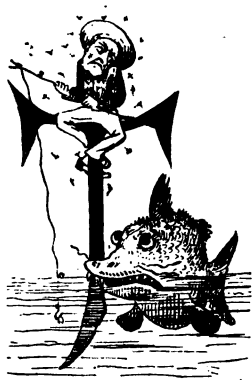
secure a good negative; the impressions from which, when afterwards sent to us, turned out to be the worst abortions ever palmed off on unsuspecting city-folks as photographs. (We make no charge for this advertisement, although giving it a large circulation.) The line of march was then taken up for the Warner House, while the photographer proceeded to take a picture of the schooner in her festive attire. This he accomplished to his entire satisfaction, after wading in the water up to his knees. Meanwhile the Club had reached the hotel, where the time was passed very pleasantly until 6.30 P. M., alternating music on the piano and cornet with singing by the Club, and visits to the lemonade counter. The orders for that compound were sometimes varied with other calls, to which were added the direction to "make 'em stiff." Knight, Etter, and Minich did duty at the piano, while Parmalee managed the cornet. At 6.30 P. M. the gang were ordered to fall in, and marched to the front of the hotel, where three cheers were given for Captain Shailer and the Warner House. Headed by Parmalee with the cornet and Rauch with his drum, and Commodore Smith commanding, the march was resumed toward the pier, where our shark-hook was taken out of a shark which we had left on the pier yesterday for the benefit of the steamer's passengers. We were soon on board the schooner and had sail made, and started for Bombay Hook at 7 P. M. Supper was dispatched on the way, the wind being rather light; as a strong flood tide was making, our progress could not be complained of. At 8 P. M. we anchored off the Hook. It being a bright moonlight night, a boat was taken ashore with the cast net, to see if we could raise any catfish around the pier. A number of casts were made without success, and a walk was taken back to the hotel to call upon Mr. George A. Millington, but he was found to be absent on business. The night was calm, and the boys sat on the porch for a few minutes; just long enough, in fact, to discover that a calm night meant mosquitoes, and that the mosquitoes meant business. As we had other fish to fry, we concluded that the Delaware night-birds could have all the room which we occupied, and returned to the pier, whence we re-embarked for the schooner. The subject of mosquitoes had stirred up some of Commodore Smith's ideas, and he ventilated an original plan for getting rid of the pests. Being eminently practical and comparatively easy to execute, we give it here for the benefit of future generations of Bay parties.

At 9.30 all hands were once more united on board. The beauty of the evening kept everybody on deck, as was supposed, until an examination showed Christ to be missing, as usual. New alarms pervaded the breasts of the Club lest he had fallen overboard in one of his sudden fits of drowsiness; as he is apt to be taken with them in any position, whether sitting, standing, walking, or lying. Investigation proved their fears only too well founded. A thorough search revealed the



PLAN TO ESCAPE MUSQUITOES.

fact that he had indeed fallen over—into his bunk and was sound asleep. It has been a busy day with all hands, and by 10.15 P. M. the bunks are all filled and most of the occupants of the after ones asleep. Minich is forward, and he keeps his neighbors awake and in high glee with some of his yarns for another half-hour, until tired nature asserts her sway, and nothing more is heard save the deep rumbling of the three indefatigable snorers of the Club, Barber, Rauch, and Parmalee; accompanied by the creaking of ropes and blocks on deck as the schooner rocks gently with the swell of the tide.



MONDAY, JULY 11th.

HE gong had to be sounded several times this morning before the last straggler came on deck at 6.30 A. M. "Hurry up," says Lewis, "or this breakfast will be all dried up." These words are sufficient incentive to the slowest; the ceremony of washing is gone through with in one time and two motions, and we are seated at the table in a trice. The meal once over, the tired feeling seems to take possession of all hands, and not to flatter them any, they were

the laziest-looking gang ever gathered on shipboard. In fact Christ somewhat gains in reputation, by comparison with the rest of the Club this morning. The sun has come out this morning bright and clear, and is exerting its full force. Under the awning a good breeze is felt, and nobody seems disposed to stir from under its protecting shade. About 9 A. M. the order was given to get ready for shore, and some little effort to obey was visible. The shark, which had been strung up to the bowsprit at Sea Breeze, was still there. As it was feared that the heat of the sun would soon make his company a little undesirable, one of the boats was anchored under him, and he was lowered to the surface of the water. Here Lammon took the jaws out of him to satisfy the craving of some of the gang for shark's teeth, for which we have always an insatiate demand. His carcass was then cut adrift, and, a couple of hours later, we saw a small army of buzzards some distance up the shore, riotously making a square meal off his remains. At 9.30 all hands were once more off for the shore. Going up to the hotel, we were cordially greeted by Mr. Millington as old friends, and the hospitalities of the place pressed upon us in the shape of an invitation to dine at the hotel. After some consultation, the invite was accepted and the time set for 1 P. M. The fact that any consideration of the offer should be necessary, may seem strange to those not posted on the ways of Presbyterians. But the truth is, they have a mortal aversion to doing anything that has any appearance of going back on the ship; and a member who has the temerity to take a meal on shore away from his comrades is generally greeted on his return by comments, not only strong but loudly expressed. This *esprit du corps* is one of the distinguishing features of the Club, and we trust it may long remain such. Our cooks and helpers have been pretty steadily

worked also, and it is felt that a rest will do them good. Before coming ashore, the subject of base ball had been sprung upon the crowd, and the Commodore and Vice-Commodore were now called upon to choose sides for a game. This was soon effected, and a suitable spot was sought on which to test their respective proficiency. The heat of the sun was so intense that shade was the primary object of our solicitude. This was only to be found in the large grove, some distance in the rear of the hotel, to which Mr. Grewer, the proprietor of the shooting gallery on the beach, undertook to pilot us. A short walk brought us to the woods, where the first thing to attract our attention was the hollow trunk of an immense tree, into which the entire party of twenty crowded themselves. Looking out through the opening at the top, the hollow shaft resembled some tall factory chimney, the interior being blackened by fire and smoke, caused by some vandals who set fire to the inside some time ago. At a short distance into the grove the desirable spot was found, and preparations made for our game. Preparations were also made by the inhabitants of the grove, in the shape of hundreds of mosquitoes for a square meal, and they were not slow in declaring their intentions. So much fresh, or rather salt, meat had evidently not been within their reach for some time, and they made the most of their opportunity. The preliminaries all settled, the nines were called to the bat in the following order:—

Commodore's Nine.

Smith,
Minich,
W. H. Rauch,
Ed Rauch,
Parmalee,
Christ,
Charles Mousley.

Vice-Commodore's Nine.

Lammon,
Clawell,
Etter,
Davis,
Barber,
George Mousley,
Knight.

Umpire—Allen.

Lammon, having won the toss, elected to go to the bat, and before being put out his side had scored eight runs. Smith's side followed, but were unable to make more than three runs before fate overtook them in the shape of a foul catch by Clawell. Three more runs were secured by Lammon's party in the second innings, while Smith's gang were retired with a cipher. This seemed to demoralize the Commodore's nine, and from that time out their defeat was simply a rout. Desperate efforts were made by Parmalee and Minich to retrieve their losses, but they were not seconded by the rest. When Christ came to the bat he struck a fair ball, on which a home-run might have been made; but the effort was too great a tax on his system, and he fell asleep at the bat and was put out before he could be awakened. A

survey of the field on the next inning discovered the Doctor, fixed on a pivot formed of a pine board and a piece of tree, ready to turn in any direction to look after the ball; Captain Smith stretched at full length on a bench, Centre-field Charles Mousley in one of the numerous swings with which the grove abounds, and Christ at left field, leaning against a tree, with his eyes closed, as usual. At the end of the fourth inning the Vice-Commodore's nine had scored eighteen runs, while the Commodore's still stuck at their original three. The sponge was accordingly thrown up by the latter, and the superfluous clothing, thrown off by the players, was resumed. While the woods resounded with the discussion of various points of the game, a loud shout was heard from Dick, our Purser, who had come back from the beach to see the game. In crossing the grass, he had nearly stepped on a large blacksnake, which made a snap at him and caught its fangs in his pants. He called loudly for one of the bats, but before he could reach one the snake had disappeared. A search was made for him, but for some time without success. Smith was seen presently to spring about four feet into the air, and it was soon found that he had discovered his snake-ship again, a little more suddenly than was desirable, having nearly stepped upon it, thinking it was a limb of a tree. This time he was not so lucky in evading pursuit, and a couple of blows dispatched him. He proved to be a white-throated blacksnake, and measured five feet eight inches in length, with a body as thick as a man's wrist. Ed Rauch assumed the role of the Great American Snake Charmer by wrapping the snake around his neck and going through a variety of contortions, accompanied by the regular showman slang, when some one stooped behind him and gave him a sharp pinch on the ankle. No snake-charmer ever emitted such a yell, gave such a jump, or discarded the object of his charming with such vigor before, and his performance took rank as a success at once. The line of march was then taken up for the beach, where the losing nine were trotted up to the rack and obliged to set the boys up. Our old friend Cooper, from Collins' Beach, having set up a picture-gallery here, a number of the boys put in some time by getting him to take their pictures. The rival ball captains being dissatisfied with the result of their game, Smith challenged Lammon to a contest at the shooting gallery, in which he had better success than at ball, laying Lammon out in fine style. At 11.30 A. M. the word was passed to go aboard and dress for dinner. Some of the schooner's crew had been amusing themselves this morning by sailing around the bay in the gilling-skiff. They were hailed, and soon took us off to the vessel, where all were soon busy getting into their uniforms, after taking a bath from the decks. At 12.30 we landed on the pier, in readiness to receive the steamer "Clyde," which was now visible in the distance. Christ came over in the first boat, and having a few minutes to spare, took advantage of a long bench in an office on

the wharf to put in a short nap—merely to keep his hand in. He was presently awakened by a noise, as if heaven and earth were come together. At a given signal, the simultaneous crash of several large



planks thrown in the door, with the drumming of a dozen boot-heels and as many pairs of fists on the wooden sides of the shed, aroused him to the realities of this world and gave him the impression, as he afterward said, that the comet had struck the earth.

At 12.45 the Clyde made fast to the wharf, and after her passengers had landed, we were cordially greeted by our old friends, Captain Cleaver and Clerk McMunn. Captain Cleaver kindly offered to bring down to us anything of which we might stand in need, or to take up any mail we might wish to send home.

At 1.15 we went up to the hotel for dinner, which we found ready for us, and to

which ample justice was done. Commodore Smith returned to our host the thanks of the Club for the compliment tendered to us, on the wing, as it were, and we wended our way to the dancing pavilion. Here most of the party soon secured partners, and were soon getting upsteam by indulging in waltzes and quadrilles. Rauch had been struck, when the boat landed, with the appearance of a slim damsel of at least three hundred pounds weight. He soon struck up an acquaintance, and had the pleasure of a waltz with one who, although carrying double the weight that he did, was a great deal lighter on her feet. Rauch's "fat mash" was the cognomen by which she was generally known during the stay of the excursionists. The "Clyde" left again at 3 P. M., and Bombay Hook was left to its wonted quiet, with the exception of the presence of the Presbyterians. Cooper desiring a picture of the Club in uniform for himself, we gave him two sittings, at the last of which he secured a fair picture. Fiddler crabs abounded in the meadow banks hard by, and several of the members sought to amuse themselves by matching them in scrub-races. A large circle was drawn on the floor of the pavilion, and each man held his horse in the centre until the word "go" was given. The uncertainty of crab movements made each succeeding race more interesting. Some would stand quietly when dropped, with their one immense claw raised defiantly in the air, and obstinately refuse to move in spite of the yells and maledictions of his backer. (It was not allowable to touch the crab after once dropping it.) Others would make a straight streak away, while some would

scurry to within an inch of the outside, when some forgotten business would strike them, and they would start across the ring again. Once in a while a crab would stop directly on the line while his opponent would be steadily on the march to victory, causing his backer untold agonies of suspense, and receiving, when defeated, a savage hoist in the air from said owner, who would then pick out a fresh pet. Each race brought fresh recruits to the game, until the whole gang had a horse entered for a grand sweepstakes, the owner of the last crab in the ring to "stand the racket." The horses were marked and put in a box to be turned bottom up in the centre of the ring and raised when the word was given. The first race was declared off, as the owner of the last



A CRAB RACE.

great sport

crab obstinately refused to discover himself and claim the honors due him. He was afterwards found to have been one of the loudest in demanding, "Who in thunder put in that chalked crab?" and bore a striking resemblance to our Vice-Commodore. At the time, it was impossible to discover him, and precautions were taken to obviate any funny business on the next heat. Each horse was numbered and his owner's name and number registered together, and the penalty attached to the last two in the ring. The crabs were handed singly to Smith, who put them in the box until all were ready, when the box was turned up in the centre of the track. Smith was afterwards accused of squeezing some of the crabs while putting them in for the sake of "putting up a job"; but that is discredited by those who know him best. When the box was lifted, the majority of the horses made a bee-line for the outer circle; the first to arrive there being Smith's, which paused half over the line, until most of his competitors had got out, in spite of the yells and admonitions of his owner. Finally he got ready to move, and fortunately took the right direction. Each crab, as he crossed the line, was seized and his number checked off. Finally but three remained in the inner ring, and these were found to belong to Charles Mousley, Davis, and George Mousley. Davis was tightly clutched in the claw of Charles Mousley, and George stood as if stupefied by the noise around him.

No one was allowed to touch a horse until he had cleared the track, as there being three still in, one man had yet a chance. Presently Charles Mousley let go his grip of Davis, who scooted out of the ring like a frightened deer, closely followed by his persecutor, but too late to gain the day. Fat Mousley and Thin Mousley were therefore decided to be entitled to "do the honors," although Charles Mousley loudly protested that Smith had "doctored his horse." Such an aspersion on the character of the Commodore was not to be entertained for a moment, and he was obliged to come down. During the racing season, Christ had been reposing in a truly Christ-ian manner, under a large tree in front of the photograph gallery. After the thanksgiving meeting which followed the races, most of the party followed his example, while a few indulged in more rifle practice. At 5 P. M. we met aboard the schooner, after paying our respects to Mr. Millington, and at 5.30 set sail for Collins Beach, the wind being fair and the tide under us. Passed Duck Creek Light at 6 P. M., and anchored in front of Collins Beach at 6.30 P. M. Supper was the principal object of our solicitude during the passage, and received careful consideration. At 7 P. M. all hands went ashore to call on Mr. Grieves, but found him temporarily absent. The implements being on the grounds, a game of croquet was indulged in, in which the principal desire seemed to be to hammer Rauch's ball all over the ground. This was successfully accomplished until nearly dark, causing Rauch to remark that it was the first time he ever heard of a one-ball game. When Grieves returned home, in spite of our remonstrances, he ordered the dancing pavilion lighted up and the music turned on. The ladies came down from the hotel, and music and dancing were the order of the night. In the intervals between dances, Smith and Rauch were matched for a walking match. The different heats developed some tall time and long steps; the referee declared the deciding heat a foul, because both parties started before the word. As each had won a heat, they were satisfied with their honors. An exhibition drill was also given by the Club, under the command of the Vice-Commodore, and was a pleasant feature of the evening. After the last dance, a game of leap-frog by the entire Club was received with peals of laughter from the lookers-on, and caused some ground and lofty tumbling on the part of the participants, most of whom had probably not displayed so much agility since they stole water-melons in their younger days. The evening was wound up by the Doctor's singing "Hans Breitmann's Party" with a rattling chorus in which all hands joined. The gang was then marched down to the pier, and came off to the schooner at 10 P. M. Sponge baths were then indulged in, and the crowd sat round on deck, listening to army reminiscences from Smith, Lammon, Rauch, and Christ, until after 11 P. M., when they gradually dropped away, until Minich was left alone with his pipe to enjoy the beautiful night.

TUESDAY, JULY 12th.



REAKFAST was again waiting for us this morning, when we turned out at 6.30 A. M. The weather is very foggy, and the air heavy and cool. The wind still hangs at N. E. The morning meal having been dispatched as usual, some one unearthed a large bundle of songs, which had been brought along for the benefit of the Club, but had lain undiscovered until now. Cigars and pipes were lit, the cornets, banjo, and guitar called out, and the singing indulged in for a couple of hours. Then the major part of the talent drifted into the eddy formed by the poke drum, and the singing-school was "gone up." George Mousley delivered another lecture on the subject of "five blinds" and "ten

straddles," for the benefit of the sinful card-players, but it is to be feared that it did not edify them much, and the seed fell upon stony ground. The sail was put on the skiff, and some of the boys put in their time with a pleasant sail around the bay. It has been gradually leaking out through the morning that the entire party had succumbed to the influence of Millington's deviled crabs since last night. One by one, we hear that they have been on deck at some time during the night, taking observations of the weather, until we have notes enough to fill out one of the weather bureau's charts. Poker asserted its sway until nearly noon, when we landed at the pier again to meet the "Clyde." When she came to, we found on board an excursion of the Madison street M. E. Sunday-School, of Chester, Pa. We returned for dinner at 12.30 P. M. The wind has calmed down and the air is hot, the fog having blown away, and the sun come out in full force. Dinner was all ready, and so were the Club; the battle, therefore, was short and sharp, and dinner was the under dog in the fight all the time. After resting a short time, we went ashore again at 1.45, in full uniform. Christ was getting unusually active at the prospect of meeting the Sunday-School girls. Parmalee, with his cornet, and Rauch, with his Dutch suit and bass drum, took the lead. We marched first to the hotel and gave a little music there, but gathering too much of a crowd around the house, concluded to go to the dancing pavilion and draw them away again. This was accordingly done, and the dancing floor reached in a few minutes. Here, the members who had a loose foot were soon indulging in that pastime, some securing partners from among the ladies, and others taking those of the male

persuasion. When the quadrilles were on the floor, the Club's stag set always commanded the lion's share of attention; the different steps and figures being given with a vim that secured universal admiration. The Club was desired by Mr. Grieves to contribute a little towards the entertainment of the excursionists. Minich was first prevailed upon to sing and play "Hans Breitmann," while the Club sang the chorus. Rauch was then hauled up on a chair, and recited the "Schule Haus on der Krick." Christ, also, was pressed into the service, and rendered "Sheridan's Ride," followed again by Rauch, with "Schneider's Ride." All were heartily enjoyed by the members of the church, who freely gave vent to their feelings of disappointment when the steamer hove in sight to take them home. Rauch, during the afternoon, had been running around among the excursionists with a lot of his advertising cards, containing an extract from Hamlet, printed in Pennsylvania Dutch. He managed by some means or other to sell quite a number of them for one cent each. A good many of the strangers have evidently imbibed the idea that Rauch makes his living by going around giving exhibitions as a Dutchman, and they seem to want to encourage him by buying his songs. This set Rauch wild, and when he tackled the bass drum again, he wound up with an everlasting whack which went through one of the heads, thus entailing additional expense to the Club. As the excursionists slowly defiled down the pier towards the steamer, we accompanied them to see them off. The tide being low, the steamer could only get her nose up to the wharf, and it took the crowd a long while to get aboard. They were compelled to go singly down on a very steep gang-plank, the officers of the steamer acting as brakes to prevent too rapid motion. Rauch, meanwhile, kept up his fun by "mashing" three red-headed girls belonging to the Sunday-School, one of whom wore spectacles, and who had been "dead-gone" on the Doctor while ashore, but who had now attained the lower deck of the steamer. All were safely on board at last, and the steamer departed, leaving us to wend our way back to the hotel, where we took possession of the pavilion jutting out over the water, for a season of rest from our labors. We had hardly got established there before a request came from Mr. Grieves that we should take supper with him. Here was another innovation upon the established usages of the Club; but as we had acceded to the request of Mr. Millington yesterday, we could do no less for our host of to-day, and the invitation was accepted as cordially as given. Word was sent off to the cooks aboard the schooner to take in several reefs in their supper arrangements, and the gang settled down to make themselves comfortable until 6 P. M., the hour fixed upon for supper. Smith stretched himself at full length upon the grass, and was soon sound asleep. The chance was at once seized upon by Minich and Barber to build a pyramid of chairs over and around him, using for the purpose the plentiful supply of

those articles scattered around the grounds. When he had been so surrounded as to make it impossible for him to move without bringing down an avalanche of chairs upon him, Grieves rang the large alarm bell, which aroused him sufficiently to show him the danger he was in. He was wise enough, however, to lie still. This was not what the boys wanted; and a pin judiciously applied by Lammon, brought on the desired effect—the sudden spring he made, bringing down both the structure of chairs and the surrounding spectators. There were no more attempts at sleeping, even by Christ, who had to make desperate efforts to keep his eyes open. The archery implements were provided by Mr. Grieves, and some of the party made an effort to master their use, with but indifferent success. If the target had been laid flat on the ground about ten feet in advance of its actual position, nearly every shot would have taken effect. Minich and Ed Rauch were the only ones who succeeded in striking it at all, and they became so puffed up with vanity that they must needs play Indian. Taking to trees, they began shooting at each other to the manifest danger of the bystanders. At Smith's third shot, the bowstring twanged against the side of his nose, bringing the dew to his eyes, and archery had no more charms for him. Some of the ladies had a game of croquet under way, and the Dutchman rang himself in to take part. When he put his No. 13 brogan down on two balls to croquet, they were both invisible until driven out with the mallet. In spite of all the bald-faced swindling he managed to commit in the course of the game, he and his partner were ignominiously beaten. At 6.15 our supper was announced in waiting, and no second summons was needed. We can scarcely undertake to do justice to Mr. Grieves for the supper he set before us, although he can testify to the fact that we did ample justice to his viands. We simply say, therefore, that from the beginning to the end, everything was perfect, including the colored waiters, some of whom were rather staggered by the outlandish lingo of Rauch. Our host was kind enough to give us his company at the table, together with Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of Chester, who were stopping at the Beach, and who had assisted in making our stay a pleasant one. But the ship



COLLINS BEACH.

was waiting for us, wind and tide were favorable, and we were obliged to tear ourselves from pleasant company in order to insure our presence at home on the morrow, where so many anxious hearts were beating hopefully for our return. The Doctor, in a few well-chosen words, conveyed the sentiments of the Club to Mr. Grieves, in regard to the unexpected favor accorded to them, and our host heartily responded for himself. Adieus were then said to the rest of the family, and Parmalee blew the "Assembly" upon the green in front of the hotel. The Club fell into line, gave three cheers and a tiger for Grieves and Collins Beach, and marched down to their boats to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." In a few minutes more we were on board the schooner,



TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

whose anchor had been hove short and sail made for the last hour, as if impatient to be off. The anchor was raised to the bow, the jib put on her, and then the side was manned, and a hearty farewell sent back to those at the hotel, who responded by dipping their flag and ringing the bell. Once more, Club, Captain, and crew were reunited around hearth and home—and the poker drum, and it seemed as if we had been absent an age. We were homeward bound, with a free wind, and the tide horsing us along. The poker drum having been neglected somewhat this afternoon, they endeavored to make up for lost time. As Collins Beach grew dim in the distance, Rauch built himself an impromptu lecturing-desk on deck, and delivered himself of the following lecture:—

LEGCHURE ON DEMBERANCE.

(Dedicated to dem Brespyterians.)

MEIN FRIENTS :—I haf been sent on board dis pootifool schooler by bruder Wan Shonnymacher und der mempers of dot Young Man's Chriatian Association on ag-ground of dose few inebriates vot yet remains amongst you! I, mineself, vas once a trunkard, yosht so bad like dot Lammon und dot Bar Albur. But now I vas reformed, I didn't put up vun cent for dot beer, und, so help me, I don't vould trink some of dot beer—unless somepody ask me!

Awber, we vander from de paths of lickerachure! Mien frients, I have de honor of reading dis legchur:e pehint all de palt heads of Eurobe und der Hamsantwich

Islands! Veek pefore next I haf read dis legchure vay up on der Saint Brunswick, und on dot suspicious occasion, dot te-a-tre vas full—I vas full mineself! Veek pehint last, I was legchuring in dot gomit course in de Akadamy of Moosik; und as I shtood dere before dousands und dousands—of embdy penches—I exclaimed dose pootifool Ladin quodashun, “*Gay mer weck du rinsfee vass is dass?*” Last Sams-taag I legchured for more as ten gonselutive hours before de citizens of Kitts’ Ham-mock; und de citizens of Kitts’ presented me with a brick house—a brick at a time!! I am shortly to abbear in front of dem Frientless Home for Nordern Shilderns! Awber, ve vander from de paths of lickerachure! Demberance is ein goot ding—for vimmens and shilderns. Since I gommence dis legchure bissness, I schwore meinself a grate big schware dot I would nefer, so help me, took anudder trink of vishky—mit wasser in it!

Lasht night I met vun of de saddest case I effer saw. I was shtanding on dot sand batch vot runs right in frunt of de pack of dot Wash House’s Gabe May Pay House, ven I was abbroached by a young man who had become so deenerated mit rum und dot Minich’s chack-Pots dat his glose wouldn’t fit him no more! Says he, “Mishter Goff, I vould sign dose bledge.” He did so. He den dooken me to his house—a pootiful brown kurbshstone front, knocked to door down un vent in! Ve vent de shtairs up und dere on de bet lay his once pootifool vife dead—drunk. As we abbroached de side of dot bedshtead, she obened von of de hansomest bare of plack und plue eyes I effer saw—dot her huspand had giften her dot morning. He shtooped down und brinted a kiss on her left ear. She shmiled von of dose pootifool shmiles und repeated dose bootifool lines vare Milton says of dose Helen’s Pabies:—

“Dort sin aw fish, uf sellam dish,
Waer will dar con se hola—
De dick-kep sin de katza fish,
De longy sin de ola!”

Oh! mein frients, dink of de evils of demberance! Yoosht look at de number of trunkards I was ondressing at dis moment! Look at Schmiddy! See dot Mousley, all pent over mit too much rum! Und den dink how dot Gliff Allen must subbort a shilderns und four vifes. Look at Parmalee, Knighty, Bill Dafis, und all dose udder trunkards, und schware, SCHWARE, oh! schware dot you will never trink—alone.

The lecture was received with marked attention, and even the “Pokers” stopped the progress of their game long enough to listen to it. This was looked upon as an especial compliment, as nothing short of a shark or bluefish had yet exploded a game on this trip. As dark drew on, Parmalee, Etter, and Knight got their music down to the stern of the schooner, and soon had a gathering about them, which gave forth songs and choruses without number. The last night on board was one of the most pleasant we had passed. The moon was nearly full, the air dry, and enough wind to keep all cool. Reedy Island Light was passed at 8 P. M., and Delaware City at 8.30. Etter and Ed Rauch taking their last ride in the cross-trees, looking for some signs of the barque which had been burning for so long, but without success. The fire must have died out, as we could see nothing of it. Off New Castle at 9.30 P. M., the wind getting light, but the tide still under us. The steamer “Samuel M. Felton” passed us here, having a moonlight



ICH BIN DI DAWDY SI SHPOOK!!

excursion on board, from which we received a salute. About this time, there issued from the companion-way of the cabin a terrible apparition, which, if it had come at a later hour with fewer people about, was calculated to make somebody's hair stand on end. It was got up in the style of the traditional ghost, enveloped in a white winding sheet, and the face of the masquerader covered with dough, in which ragged holes were made for the eyes, nose, and mouth. Unlike the ordinary ghost, a close inspection only made the object more ghostly looking in the moonlight, and caused a creeping sensation to any-

body that it chanced to come near. It tried its fascinating powers on the gang around the poker drum, but parties with such case-hardened consciences as that crowd possessed, can not be worried at the sight of one ghost. In fact, it is doubtful if a half dozen cemeteries could scare them from that drum as long as there was a chip on it. Curious to know who the inhabitant of the white gown was, we stripped him and found the same irrepressible Dutchman, Rauch, who was giving us another specimen of his versatile powers. Where he learned the art of giving such sepulchral groans as issued from his chest, it is difficult to understand, unless he has been locked out over night and been compelled to bunk in a graveyard.

Wilmington was left behind at 10 P. M., and we are abreast of Pennsgrove at 11 P. M., where we meet the "Felton" going down again, and receive another noisy greeting, which is met with one fully up to its requirements. The music has long since given place to speaking and yarn-spinning, though a song is got in once in a while by way of variety. At 11.40 all hands turned in, leaving captain and crew to sail the boat undisturbed. They continued on until the wind got too light to stem the tide, and brought her to anchor at Thompson's Point at 2 A. M.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13th.



INSERTED our bunks for the last time at 7 A. M., and found the cooks anxious for our appearance. Fresh water begins to tell on the boys, and their movements are slow, except when they get down to the table, where new life seems to be infused into them. No matter how much their morals may have deteriorated during their trip, it is certain their appetites have not suffered. At 7.15 the steamship "Fanita" passed up and gave us the first salute of the day, followed very shortly by the "Samuel M. Felton." At 7.45 the "Republic" passed down and contributed her share to the music, which Mousley was energetically grinding out as an accompaniment to Barber's guns. A little breeze sprang up at 8 A. M., and the Captain ordered up the anchor and made sail to see if we had enough of it to stem tide. At 8.15 the "Jersey Blue" ran past us and saluted, before landing at Dupont's wharf. Since heaving anchor, we have barely held our own against the tide, but have gradually worked over under Tinicum Island, where we feel the breeze more and make some progress up the river. The police get the beds up and empty them into the river as the first preparation towards packing up. Blankets are rolled up and strapped, valises packed, and the hold emptied of all useless boxes and papers. It begins, indeed, to look like the breaking up of our housekeeping. At 9 A. M. the steamer "Perry" passed down, followed at 9.15 by our old stand-by, the "John A. Warner," both of which gave us the usual greeting. Off Billingsport at 9.30 A. M. the wind got up quite a respectable breeze, and we began to have pleasant sailing. At 10 A. M. passed Fort Mifflin and the Block House, Etter and Ed Rauch again ascending to the cross-trees to try and look down the throats of some of the big guns frowning at us from the parapet of the fort. Off Monument wharf, the tug "General Sherman" gave us a rattling welcome. Passed League Island Navy Yard at 10.45 A. M. Above Red Bank at 11 A. M. the "Major Reybold" and the Boston steamer "Roman" blew forth their salutes, and were loudly answered. At 11.20 A. M. we anchored off Gloucester, where



CHR. SC.
MOUSLEY GRINDING ORGAN.

some of the party went ashore to telegraph to their homes. At 11.45 an early dinner was put away in order to give the culinary department a chance to get cleaned up and packed before reaching the wharf. When the crew had got through with their meal, the remaining stores were brought on deck, and an auction held over which Commodore Smith presided, and did some terrible knocking down. Some of the boys, in trying to put up jobs on their fellow-members, got well salted themselves. Everything was finally disposed of, and at 1.15 P. M. the last pumping was given to the anchor and our course shaped for home with a free wind, but a rather light one. The river seems unusually free from craft of all kinds, scarcely anything being on the move, except tugs and ferry-boats. Whenever the schooner came to close quarters with any of these, however, the well-known side-badges of the Club, and the incessant racket of the members, instantly secured the compliment of the three whistles. Off Greenwich Point the "Dorie Emory" was among the first to open the ball, followed by the "Dauntless" and the Clyde steamer "Santee." Above Washington avenue we were fairly surrounded at one time by a half dozen steamers, all vying with one another in the loudness of their welcome, which noise, supplemented by the din upon our own deck, was fairly deafening. The Captain's orders to his crew had to be transmitted by signs, as no words could be distinguished. The "Peerless," "General J. S. Schultz," "T. M. Uhler," and "D. J. Woolverton" were prominent in the racket. Off Market street the steamer "Arctic" chimed in, and at Vine street the "Cooper's Point" and "Atlantic" followed suit. At Brown street we met the "Gratitude" coming down, and answered her salute with our last gun, just as the jib was let go. At 2 P. M. the schooner struck the wharf of Messrs. Clement & Dunbar,

And the

Eleventh Annual Cruise

had passed into

The History of the Club.

The work of unloading our plunder was accomplished in a very short time, and as team after team arrived, the dispersal of those who had been so long members of a common family was effected so quickly that

the gang seemed to melt away like frost under the influence of the morning sun. Let us hope that the kindly feeling engendered by our close communion for twelve days may be more lasting, as well as our reverence for that great Power which guided the winds and waves, and brought us safely back to the bosom of our families.



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

*one of our members
welcomed Home*

Appendix.

A number of invitations having been sent by the Club to prominent men, to participate with them in this year's cruise, we herewith append a few of the responses received, in order that the public may see in what estimation the Club is held at home and abroad :—

LONG BRANCH, July 1st, 1881.

GENTLEMEN:—At this late moment I am compelled to give up the pleasant trip which I had anticipated taking in your company. As it is the first instance upon record of my having given up anything upon which I had once got a grip, I think your Club should feel highly honored. Had your invite contained a brick house or a four-horse team, it is doubtful whether you would have escaped so luckily. Should you have no further use for your schooner on your return, or be possessed of any spare fish-hooks, do not forget that my address for the summer is as above. In conclusion, allow me to say that if your Club should ever be in want of a new president, I beg that you will have no hesitation in communicating at once with

Yours, aspiringly,

U. S. GRANT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 28th, 1881.

FELLOW-SAILORS :—Had your kind letter been received before you had engaged a vessel for your trip, the United States steamer "Wateree" could have been placed at your disposal. She now lies about two miles inland on the coast of Peru. This trifling disadvantage would, of course, be insignificant to such an energetic Club as yours. In regard to accompanying you, I must respectively decline, it having been a standing rule of this Government for years that no secretary of this department should ever smell salt water. Of course, as my position depends upon the observance of this rule I must forego the pleasure of your company.

Ever yours (on dry land),

HUNT,

Secretary of Navy.

ALBANY, June 30th, 1881.

GENTLEMEN REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PISCATORIAL ART:—However much I might be inclined to accompany your illustrious Club during the term of your annual peregrinations towards the equator, I could never, NEVER, give way to such inclinations, when the integrity of this great and glorious concatenation of sovereign States requires the presence of its only statesman at this Capital. Where duty calls 'tis ours

to obey. (I say to you, however, in strict confidence, that I will never again throw down a full hand without knowing what is in the draw.) I see by your roll that you claim to possess an orator, Christ by name. Know ye henceforth, that this sublime country possesses but one orator, and his home is not in the Keystone State. Did not my native modesty forbid, I could point you with pride to his Hyperion curl; but I never—that is, I—well, hardly ever—. I will only say, in conclusion, that if you can be induced to throw overboard that imposter Christ, I may be persuaded at some future time to ally my fate with your fortunes during one of your future trips.

Yours, in strong hopes,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

ALBANY, July 1st, 1881.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN FISHING CLUB:—

Me, too!

PLATT,
Ex-Senator.

BROOKLYN, June 29th, 1881.

DEAR BRETHREN:—For several reasons, I feel constrained to decline your kind invitation. In the first place, my pastoral duties at this season of the year, when so many gentlemen are absent at the sea shore, will not permit me to depart for so long a time. Secondly, I invariably make it a rule never to go on stag parties. And finally, the points of difference between the Presbyterian and Congregational faiths will not admit of my association with your Club; the vital point on which your Church insists, viz: that a straight flush beats four aces, can never be endorsed by our society, which never plays straights. Trusting that you may yet see the error of your ways, I remain

Yours, regretfully,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CHEST AND SIXTHNUT STS., July 1st, 1881.

GENTLEMEN:—Your invitation came duly to hand. You could hardly expect me to join in your excursion at a time when so many of our fellow-citizens desire the benefit of my long experience in the poetical line. I appreciate your kindness, however, and should your entire Club fortunately be drowned, I will supply, at ten cents per line, an original poetical effusion for the obituary of each member; I would especially recommend for your president, Smith, an entirely new one which I now have in my mind's eye, and which I here subjoin—

Affliction sore long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain;
At last, he kicked the bucket with,
Fish on the brain.

Mournfully, yours,

GEO. W. CHILDS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1st, 1881.

FELLOW FISHERMEN:—I regret that previous engagements prevent my taking part in your annual excursion. The more so, that I would like to be on hand to supervise the diet of some of your members, in order to confirm an opinion I have long held in regard to the subject of fish as brain food. Inasmuch as I can not be present in person, I would request that your surgeon try the efficacy of my prescription as follows:

For your captain—skippers,	For your wood-butchers—saw-fish,
“ “ lawyers—shark,	“ “ smokers—pipe-fish,
“ “ shoemakers—sole,	“ “ blacksmith—bellows-fish,
“ “ bricklayers—salmon,	“ “ salesman—drum-fish,
“ “ critics—carp.	

Your toppers will of course take naturally to suckers, and if you have any members fond of Limburger cheese, their diet will always be smelt. As for my friend Rauch, the famous wild-turkey shot of Doubling Gap Springs, I fear to tamper with his brain, as he has been for years on the verge of lunacy. With these few directions, I think I can safely leave you in the hands of my brother Minich, than whom I know of no one more competent to take care of such a menagerie as yours must be. To his tender mercies, I therefore commit you

Without any misgivings,

S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 1st, 1881.

GENTS:—Although unable to raise you one, or even to see you on your eventful excursion, I will be with you in spirit (XX). I sometimes recall to mind the olden time, when the Snappers and Bedbugs could not come within a half-mile of each other, without the brick pavements tearing themselves up and flying through the air like unto a hail-storm. It is pleasant after such thoughts to reflect upon your trips and thank your Club that it has made such progress towards the millenium; when the snappers in your insides rest peacefully, while the bedbugs without, wrestle for their hash undisturbed. We must be, indeed, near to the consummation of all things good; the time when Atlantic city shall be supplied with water, less deadly than its whisky; when the Florida swamps shall grow axe-handles and the small boys hair be trimmed with circular saws.

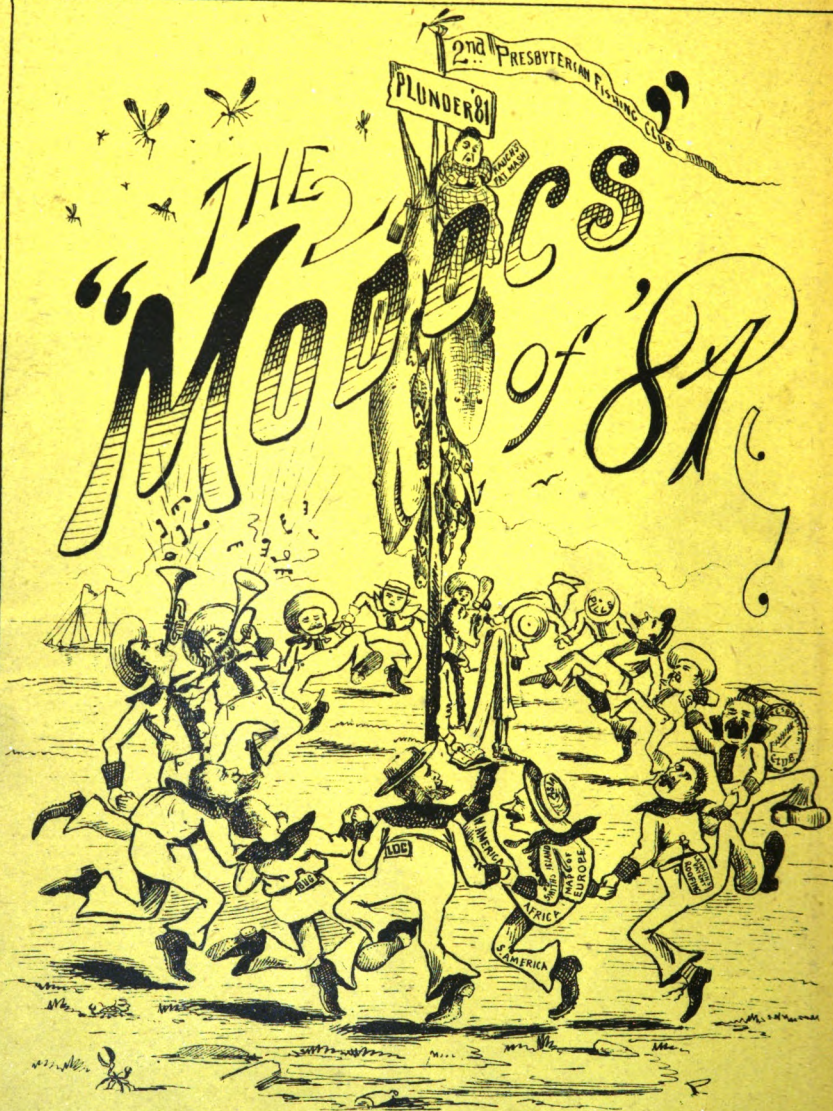
Yours, Saw-rowfully,

HAM. DISSTON.

*all these parties
wrote for copies of this
Log.*



THE "MODES" of '87



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